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The Saturday Review of Literature

EDITED BY HENRY SEIDEL CANBY

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Ask Smith: He Knows

IN a democracy like America where everyone feels qualified to speak on anything, there is an appalling amount of talk that means nothing. Conversation in the sense in which it existed in those more leisurely days when travel was difficult and visits were events has almost disappeared from our society. Life has too many facets for anyone of them long to hold the attention; discussion glances from one topic to another and rarely prolongs itself into searching analysis. Something of that nervous energy that goes into our business and our sports enters too into our intercourse. We want sparkle, vivacity, "pep." That man is the most admired conversationalist who is the best *raconteur*, the most facile in generalizations, the most liberal in dealing out high-tensioned information. "Ask Smith; he knows," or words to that effect, says a current advertisement enlarging upon the circumstance that the admired Smith has secured his information from a scrapbook. Here in a nutshell is the new American gospel which proclaims not knowledge, but the semblance of knowledge, as desirable. For all that vast umbra and penumbra of meaning and association that enrich isolated facts, and make the data of knowledge pregnant, let us have no concern. Let us get facility, regardless of whether culture goes by the board in the scramble. To be educated means nothing; to appear educated ensures success. If you are glib, you are educated; if you have a few odds and ends of curious information to season your glibness with your wife can be proud of you, and your employer will triple your salary. Talk of "many things, of shoes—and ships—and sealing-wax—of cabbages—and kings," and your reputation will go abroad as a man of mark.

Where is it leading us this gorging of the mind with ill-assembled facts, this parading of ingnorance masking as culture? Superficiality has always been the bane of American life, and now superficiality is being erected into a cult. Shoddiness is becoming a good and a god. The worst of the matter is that the few are in ill case to counteract the doctrine that is being fed to the many, for it is the very imitation of what they have and the character of which is so completely misunderstood that the many seek.

And literature like conversation is lending itself to the development of superficiality. Every tyro fresh from college who can wield his pen with any fluency feels himself by that grace entitled to expression. Generally he has nothing to say but nevertheless he wants to be saying, showing his ability to handle words with cleverness. An enormous part of the material that fills our newspapers is written by youths who like the man of the advertisement have a scrapbook knowledge of their subject. The public laps it up because it too wants a scrapbook polish. It wants its intellectual palate tickled, and its maw filled without effort. The last thing it wants is to chew the cud of reflection. Feed it a piquant and spicy diet, long enough, and its taste for substantials will grow less and less. What are we going to do about it? What can we do but preach in season and out against the vulgarity, the futility, and the short-sightedness of perverting knowledge from its proper uses, and robbing education of the fruits of labor? The theory that a smattering of education is better than no education is tenable, but the belief that a smattering of education is admirable is fatuous. It still remains true that a little learning is a dangerous thing.

Cock Crow Night

By RAYMOND HOLDEN

WAKENED from sleep by light
That down the heap of night
Runs like spilled water, birds
Rise up and shout their words
That are nothing to the wise,
Thinking it sunrise.
Man, that has learned to lie
Quiet under shifts of sky
Beside a lovelier
Body in which there stir
Lovelier lights than those
The moon of midnight throws
Over a sleeping cock,
Is servant to the clock.
Nothing but morning can
Be morning to a man.
But O more careless fowl,
Having no world to scowl
Upon such error, may
Believe that night is day.
No feather-shaking cold
Biting the heads they fold
Under their flightless sides,
No skunk nor fox that hides
Among earth's smells and noises
And, listening, poises
To leap and bring them low,
Can muffle nor make slow
The wild, high-hearted cry
They blow, not knowing why,
Against the moon's mad light
That a man knows is night.

This Week

"Revolt in the Desert." Reviewed by *John Buchan.*

"Black April." Reviewed by *Charles McD. Puckette.*

"East Side, West Side." Reviewed by *Robert L. Duffus.*

"The King's Henchman." Reviewed by *Henry Seidel Canby.*

"Rajput Painting." Reviewed by *Ernst Diez.*

"The Oil War." Reviewed by *Rexford Guy Tugwell.*

The Youth Movement in China." Reviewed by *Felix Morley.*

"The Legacy of the Middle Ages." Reviewed by *Charles H. Haskins.*

A Geometry Notebook. By *Christopher Morley.*

Next Week, or Later

"Anthony Comstock." Reviewed by *Elmer Davis.*

"Paul Claudel." By *Bernard Fay.*

Expatriate—Vintage 1927*

By LOUIS BROMFIELD

IT is now nearly two years since I came, as an American writer, to live in Europe and work. Up to the date of writing, I have not turned back, nor been stricken with leprosy, nor yet succumbed to any of those mysterious maniacs, Franco, Anglo, or Italo, which are popularly supposed to wreck the characters and futures of Americans who happen to live in Europe. Strange to relate, I feel more American than I have ever felt before, even in those days when I dwelt in the sacred Middle West—that spot chosen by God with the promptings of certain critical Joseph Smiths for the American literary millenium. Far from the madding crowd, I find that all my senses, my perceptions, have become with regard to America sharpened and more highly sensitive. Having known America intimately for the greater part of my life, I am familiar with the spectacle from the inside, and now I am seeing it from the outside, which is more illuminating than one might suppose. Looking at it from a pinnacle in the midst of a continent that is certainly sick and weary, I have discovered things I could never have noticed in the midst of an Iowa cornfield or in the soda-fountain-bound crowds of Fifth Avenue and Forty-second Street.

I have begun to see that my fellow-citizens are far more important than they imagine even in their most eagle-screaming moments. They are first cousins of the ancient Roman citizen and half-brothers of the English Milor of the day when Palmerston was forcing even such old foxes as Metternich to bow down before the power of England.

* * *

Wandering about the face of Europe, halting now in a fashionable watering-place, now in a remote village, now in Paris, or London, or Rome, one can't help seeing the decided character of the American. It does not matter whether one sees him in his Jewish, German, Italian, or Scandinavian manifestation; he is unmistakably a man just born And he bears little relation to Mark Twain's hilariously vulgar "American Abroad." The difference lies in the fact that the American once was loud and noisy as a means of breaking through the reserve of the Frenchman and the quiet superiority of the Englishman; and this method isn't necessary any longer. The American abroad *exists*: he *is*. He simply commands and usually he knows what he wants, and like the Roman citizen and the English Milor he has the money to buy what he wants when he wants it, and feels the power of an immense and wealthy nation at his elbow. Like the Roman, he is everywhere in the known world, flinging his money about, poking his nose with an unself-conscious and intelligent interest into the uttermost corners of ancient ruins, occupying the grandest suites of the Hotels Royale—Splendide de l'Univers (a name chosen, it would seem, to attract him), setting bankrupt nations on their feet, providing *all* the music for cabarets and music halls, plastering the sides of ancient bridges with signs advertising Veedol and Atlantic gasoline, placing automatic filling-stations (a great convenience, even a luxury) on quiet village streets. He is, in short, everywhere. Great Britain plasters every available space from postage stamps to railway stations with signs "British Goods Are Best." France searches fran-

*This essay constitutes a chapter in "Mirrors of the Years," edited by Grant Overton, which is to be issued by Frederick A. Stokes, on March 25.

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tically for oil fields with which to produce her own petrol, but the march goes on.

It is no use being sentimental about what the American is doing to old Europe. The laws of Economics and of Nature have small respect for ivy-hung sentimentality. American money and American methods are saving Europe. And the thing works the other way as well: it is Standard Oil Money which is saving Versailles and the Grand Trianon from ruin. It is American money contributed from a thousand small sources which is repairing roofs and restoring walls of half the national monuments of France.

The English nurse observed the other day, "I think it's wonderful the way Americans go everywhere and make themselves at home. They aren't like us who have to have British surroundings. Why, even the children go along. When they're only a year old they begin traveling. It's no wonder they grow up with no feeling for time or space."

Two days later at lunch, André Maurois observed, "I know an American anywhere in Europe, in any café, because he laughs."

And he is everywhere, like the Roman citizen, respected if it is only the respect that comes of wealth and power. The concierge, the taxi-driver, the waiter, the chambermaid all adore him. He knows exactly what he wants and he is generous. Booth Tarkington in " The Plutocrat" caught much of the barbaric splendor which attends him.

I have spoken of all these things simply to lead up to the point of the story—that, save for a few ghosts left from an older generation, there isn't any such thing as an American Expatriate.

The word probably came by its implication of opprobrium during the Mauve Decade when Henry James set down the manifestations of the American abroad with such loving skill and care; and the opprobrium grew during that fantastic period when the daughters of Railroad and Metal Kings were pouring money into decayed European families in exchange for a title. But the market for titles has fallen off sadly, and the times are changed.

* * *

It was Henry James, himself so thoroughly of that era of snobs and expatriates, who set down the tragic story of one of those American girls who, brought to Europe by an ambitious and vulgar mother, languished and died in Rome. It is a beautiful story, fixing an epoch and a type, but one couldn't do it today because even by searching Europe with a microscope, one couldn't find a Daisy Miller. And she couldn't fall a victim to malaria in Rome because American sanitary methods have done away with malaria. It is unromantic, to be sure, and hard upon novelists looking for the aid of malaria in their romances, but Rome is almost clean and if Mussolini succeeds in evading bullets long enough he will, in his energetic American way, perhaps make certain quarters smell less like a garbage can from which the lid has just been lifted.

If one were to set down the history of the Daisy Miller of today, one would probably find the young creature alone in Europe, roaming about, freed of the ambitious vulgar mother. She would be quite on her own, clad in a minimum of clothing, all cut in the most beautiful style by Chanel or Vionnet or Lanvin, with shingled hair and an air of independence and *savoir faire* sufficiently strong to rout whole regiments of Roman noblesse. One is likely to see her entering the bar at the Ritz or Ciro's, more elegantly dressed than the best of Parisian demi-mondaines (who are as a rule the best dressed women in France save for their sisters among the noblesse who have similar leanings). One would see her tossing off the cocktail which marks the beginning of her day—a steel-clad Diana, the confusion of European men who cannot fathom the manners of a demi-mondaine in the body of an Artemis. As to the Italian dukes and princes—they come just the same seeking her fortune, but the new Daisy Miller is not as easy. "Why," she asks herself with brutal realism, "Shall I marry that wop? He dances well but he's only a bum."

Oh! Times have changed! And the Italian Prince who once sat as a model for the elegantly romantic portraits of Ouida, has become a dress-designer or a Gigolo or plays bridge for a living and the barter of money for titles has almost disappeared from the international scene. Even the proud Briton, whose titles still occupy the top of the list in the title market, is less arrogant than he once was, and for those who still retain the spleen of the great Milor, there is one infallible method of reducing the ramparts. It is to feel sorry for England. It is the worst but also the most subtle of insults to a nation which for more than a hundred years has felt sorry for the rest of the world.

But the heiress is let off nowadays, and the rage in her native land that was once directed at her for marrying and going abroad to live is now turned against the writer who goes to Europe to live. The change finds its origin, no doubt, in that portion of the American "critical" world which holds that any novel by an American not concerned with the Middle West and usually with the sexual inhibitions of a farm girl, must be lacking in quality. This is a strange rule of thumb, unknown in the history of literature save perhaps during one or two violent nationalist outbursts in Spain. It would seem that its supporters still have clinging to them a little of the tinsel of the Mauve Decade, when Americans spat on the floor and pounded on the tables of European hotels in order to attract respect and notice. It is perhaps Mr. Mencken, attacking Mr. Babbitt with all Mr. Babbitt's own weapons, who is responsible more than any other for this fantastic idea. A good novel is a good novel whether it deals with life in Paris, in the Sandwich Isles or on an Iowa farm. It has always been so and doubtless will continue to remain so as long as the novelist reserves his right to choose his own material and background. When the day comes when he must confine himself to a small quarter-section of land assigned him by gentlemen of political rather than literary critical acumen, it will be time to talk of the decadence of the novel.

* * *

The reason for the migration of young writers is simple enough: it is merely economic. The young novelist who hasn't an audience of one hundred thousand readers and finds himself out of luck because the magazine editors can't use his stuff, must find a way to live. Usually he has a wife and sometimes a family. If he remains in New York or any of the great American cities, he must do so if not in penury at least upon a scale which pinches; there is no end to worries over money. He cannot retire to a bleak farm or a convent, for, different from other members of the writing profession, he feeds not upon books and solitude but upon people and movement and life. His very stories grow out of the people about him.

In Europe he finds conditions quite different. In any great European capital he is able to live, surrounded by people, by music, by good plays, by good pictures and the stimulation of intellectual companionship, in comfort and in certain quarters in luxury for less than it costs him to live in poverty in America. He has an economic freedom which he can scarcely expect ever to attain at home. It is one of the odd weaknesses in the reasoning of the agricultural critics that they assume the corruption and eventual ruin of any writer who comes into contact with the intellectual life of other nations; they manage by some process to overlook the sharpening influence of contrast and the great value of a pointed-up perspective.

In a European city, away from the hub-bub which affects life from bootlegging to literature in New York, the whole tempo of existence grows relaxed and calm. There are not four or five "literary parties" in one day; there are no cliques, no jealousies, no back-biting, no overfriendly praise. One can, first of all, work and as for pleasure, it is possible to take it or leave it, in such proportions that pleasure is not reduced to the level of drudgery. From the opposite side of the Atlantic, aloof from the mêlée, the whole American literary picture takes on a new set of values; clearer and more precise. One discovers new things in American criticism, its richness and its poverty, its preoccupation with method over material; one sees that on the one hand it suffers from a tendency toward excessive optimism by which each new novel is acclaimed the best of the month, or the year, or the decade, and on the other an ominous weakness in its various cliques and schools. One discerns its liking for cheap wisecracks, and the cloud of dust that hangs above the grotesque warfare between reviewers and groups of reviewers, carried on over the prostrate and helpless body of the author who grows black and blue from blows aimed by the combatants not at himself but at one another.

It is easy, of course, to smother in a cloud of opprobrium certain groups of young men and women who, seeking something which is not quite clear even to themselves, come to Europe to spend their best days at sidewalk cafés. There are plenty of them, all choosing the designations of writer, painter, poet, and what not; now and then there occurs in their number an individual of talent or character, and then it becomes a struggle at once to save himself from the perils of his own environment, on the one side from idleness and on the other from the danger of growing "arty" through falling into the vice, so common among adolescent ladies and gentlemen of "stewing in their own juice"—a process by which reciprocal and parochial admiration takes the place of a notice they fail to attract through healthy competition in the open field. It is the besetting vice of artistic colonies. But very little has come out of the transplanted genius of Montparnasse. For every writer who has accomplished anything worthy, there are in that group known roguishly to the editors of the Paris *Herald* as "the Latin Quarter Folk" perhaps fifty whose life consists of rising at noon, going to the Dome, the Rotonde, or the Select, drinking until dawn and then returning to some damp and untidy room. They talk endlessly of writing: they discuss all the great things they mean to do; they live gloriously and triumphantly in a sin so ostentatiously advertised that it loses all glamour; they sink deeper and deeper into the ruts at the crossing of the Boulevards Montparnasse and Raspail. One day runs into two, two into three, three presently into three hundred and sixty-five—and nothing happens.

But these young men and women are not expatriates. Most of them can speak no more French than is necessary to buy a drink. They have never left their own country, they have simply brought it with them. They live, surrounded and enveloped by Americans, in a transplanted Greenwich village. They are, as a rule, of the same sort which in America raises atmosphere by burning joss sticks in brass cande holders manufactured in Hoboken and sold in Allen Street.

So far as the corrupting of "a predatory native" is concerned, they remain untouched in their virgin purity. Paris hasn't a chance of ruining them because they really never leave America. The wines out of which are born their oceans of talk are cheaper than in Eighth Street and better, but otherwise the same.

* * *

One hears a great deal of vague talk about young writers ruined by living abroad; there are no young writers ruined by it; there are only people who live in the shadow of the half-dozen writers who give the Quarter its semblance of dignity—people who can say "That's Joyce himself sitting in the corner" or "That's Ford at the table opposite." Ernest Hemingway has done their portraits in "The Sun Also Rises." He knows them.

Since it no longer takes six weeks to cross the Atlantic, Europe has become what the steamship companies have long been striving to make it—"the playground of America." Crossing the ocean means less trouble and only a little more expenditure of time than crossing the American continent, and since the growing consciousness of the United States as the richest and perhaps the most powerful nation in the world, the old American awe of Europe is rapidly passing. "The American" has gone the way of "Daisy Miller." If one loves music and the theatre, one finds the best in New York. Certainly no one goes any longer to Paris and London for these things. Rome exists artistically only as a centre for arts which have been decadent since the sixteenth century. No, it is all very changed.

And the Americans who swarm everywhere are not the Americans of Henry James and Mrs. Wharton who found their own country too brutal for their sensibilities. These gentlemanly and ladylike Americans who once fled the country of Pork Packers and Tin Plate Kings, now linger on in Europe veiled by the shadow of a changed world, half-forgotten save by those few remnants of an old régime which even in France counts no longer for very much. They have sunk into the obscurity of the mausoleum known as the social columns of the Paris *Herald*.

The American of today is the promoter who reorganizes the whole telephone system of Spain, who builds whole railroad systems, the manager who sells American motors on the Champs-Elysées where the turn-outs of the Second Empire once rolled by on their way to the Bois, and the banker who makes loans to stabilize the currency of whole nations. Even the smartest of the demi-monde are Americans from New Jersey and Indiana and Oklahoma;

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their queen is an American girl, covered with huge diamonds, who continues the grand tradition by being known simply as Miss——— and never being seen without a respectable, elderly lady-companion. These ladies flash their emeralds and dance the Charleston to music born in Harlem and the Lower East Side. They are scarcely expatriates: they have taken their country with them. The American abroad today is not ashamed of his countrymen and does not find them brutally inartistic and vulgar. They do not seek out the dying old noblesse in the decaying châteaux of France and the bilious-yellow villas of Italy: the shoe is on the other foot. The only expatriate Americans are in that slightly shoddy world which surrounds the bankrupt, forgotten Boni whose autobiography contains more bad taste than was ever dreamed of in America.

In a world financed by American money, where every other street corner advertises American products and most of the hotels are filled with Americans, where whole streets advertise wares in English, it is obviously a little absurd to talk of American expatriates. One might as well have called expatriate the Roman citizens of Alexandria or Byzantium, or the Englishman of Victoria's long and powerful reign who had a law office in Paris or a wine business in Bordeaux. In these days an American abroad tends only toward becoming more American: he is a fascinating spectacle, more sharply defined, more definite in color by his very background, than his brother at home.

America as a nation has come of age and the American abroad knows it well enough. The truth is that there aren't any more expatriates: in another ten years even the ghosts of Henry James's days will have passed, and the expatriate will be as extinct as the Dodo.

Men, Women, and Books

BOOKS IN BOTTLES. By W. G. Clifford. New York: Lincoln MacVeigh: The Dial Press. 1927. $2.50.

Reviewed by A. Edward Newton

BEFORE I knew that the editor of *The Saturday Review* would ask me to read and say a few words about "Books in Bottles," by W. G. Clifford, I had already bought and read the book with pleasure,—marking a passage here and there, as is my custom.

I do not know who W. G. Clifford is, and I don't care much for the title of his book. We, Americans, have to test what comes out of a bottle; and one of the first tests I made was the statement that Samuel Johnson was never hungry and never arrested for debt. Lord Roseberry, many years ago, paid a high price for a letter in which Johnson speaks of himself as "impransus," which scholars tell me is Latin for "breakfastless;" and all the world knows that the Lexicographer, some time after the publication of his Dictionary, begged from Mr. Richardson "the loan of five pounds eighteen shillings for which amount I am under arrest." But, in general, Mr. Clifford has written a very pleasant and informing book: he has a very pretty sense of humor and a happy gift of expression.

But if I do not know who Mr. Clifford is, reading between the lines I guess that he is a journalist or an editor, and that he is the owner of an excellent library. This is his arrangement of it. He says when he is done with a book, for the time being, he puts it precisely where there happens to be room for it at the moment: excellent! It results in his usually being able to find two copies of any required volume,—one which he knew he had somewhere, the other a forgotten duplicate.

There are twelve little papers in the volume under consideration, all of them on subjects which Leigh Hunt took as the title for one of his happiest volumes; namely, "Men, Women and Books"—but chiefly books. Mr. Clifford knows and revels in the eighteenth century, as I do, and for much the same reason. Would you have a taste of his quality? Take this: "You will find hotheads in every movement, but you will find very few white hotheads." Or this,—his remedy for War,—"Take of Ministers of State a large handful; Contractors and Profiteers, as many of each as can be found, and place them in the front of the battle." While speaking of a neglected editor, he says that the aforesaid editor had been "thugged into that silence which is the deadliest of weed killers in the garden of literature." Nicely put, and very true. Neatly turned phrases like this abound.

Of Such Is History

REVOLT IN THE DESERT. By T. E. Lawrence. New York: George H. Doran. 1927. $3.

Reviewed by John Buchan

IN 1915 a young Oxford scholar of twenty-seven, named Thomas Edward Lawrence, who had done excavation work in the Middle East, was employed in the Military Map Department in London. Presently he was sent out as a second-lieutenant to the Arab Bureau in Cairo. For two years little was heard of him, and then strange stories began to circulate of a young Englishman who had made himself master of guerilla war and was the chief figure in the Arab Revolt. In October, 1918, he rode at the head of the conquering Arab forces into Damascus—a Colonel in the British Army—and was cheered by the crowds as "El Urens," a hero whose exploits were almost mythical.

Since then the world has been full of the rumors of his doings, when with Feisal he organized the Arab forces and ultimately formed the right wing of Allenby's great sweep. Heart-sick at the meagre ending of a great design, he retired into the deepest privacy. But in 1919 in Paris he wrote the story of his doings. Books have their fates—and the fate of this one was strange indeed. The manuscript was lost at Reading station. Urged by his friends Lawrence went through the appalling labor of writing it out again. It must have extended to nearly 200,000 words. Of this a few copies were printed in an Oxford newspaper office and circulated among one or two intimate friends. I had the privilege of reading one of them, and it seemed to me to have more of the raw stuff of genius than anything I had read for years.

THOMAS EDWARD LAWRENCE
From the photograph of a bust by Eric Kennington.

The author slightly revised the Oxford edition and gave it to the world under the title of "Seven Pillars of Wisdom." That is to say, it has been given to a hundred of his friends who subscribed for copies at thirty guineas each. An abridged edition has now been issued at a cheaper price to the general public. The volume is a masterpiece of production, for Lawrence has always made a hobby of such matters. It is superbly printed, and illustrated with many striking drawings by Augustus John and others.

First for the story. It is written with the uttermost candor, and with a notable command of English prose. It has none of Doughty's Elizabethan and Biblical archaisms, but the style has the grace of sound scholarship, and at times its vividness and realism are almost cruel. It is both a record of great deeds and the presentation of the soul of a land and a people and the soul of a man.

Kitchener was the first to believe that an Arab rebellion would be a vital step in the defeat of Turkey. The Sherif of Mecca duly rebelled, but England was unready, and the thing hung fire. It needed a leader. Lawrence went to Arabia and found such a man in Feisal—"a pure and very brave spirit." But Feisal alone was not enough, and Lawrence had to become his executive and his inspirer.

In the first place this young Oxford scholar penetrated to the soul of the Arab people:

> Arabs could be swung on an idea as on a cord; for the unpledged allegiance of their minds made them obedient servants. . . . They were unstable as water, and like water would perhaps finally prevail. Since the dawn of life, in successive waves they had been dashing themselves against the coasts of flesh. Each wave had broken, but, like the sea, wore away ever so little of the granite on which it failed, and some day, ages yet, might roll unchecked over the place where the material world had been and God would move upon the face of those waters. One such wave (and not the least) I raised and rolled before the breath of an idea, till it reached its crest and toppled over and fell at Damascus.

In the second place he conceived a new theory of war, conceived it during a complication of boils and dysentery and fever in a stinking tent. The old Clausewitz doctrine of seeking out the chief enemy forces and destroying them did not apply to Arabia. Let the Turks remain bottled up in Medina, so long as 999 out of every 1,000 miles of the Hejaz were already free. Let Akaba be secured as a base, and the Arab strength might be used on Allenby's flank, while the Turks clung like flies to their irrelevant window-pane.

> Battles in Arabia were a mistake, since we profited in them only by the ammunition the enemy fired off. Napoleon had said that it was rare to find generals willing to fight battles; but the curse of this war was that so few would do anything else. . . . We had nothing material to lose, so our best tack was to defend nothing and to shoot nothing. Our cards were speed and time, not killing power.

* * *

He had his inspiration, and now he had got his plan. He therefore rode far and wide through Arabia to raise the tribes. He returned, after every kind of privation and adventure, to take Akaba, and so pave the way for coöperation with Allenby. After that the story passes into the region of the miraculous. He became a wrecker of trains, pouncing by camel or aeroplane on the Medina line. He traveled into unknown places, and lived and ruled among strange peoples whom alone of Englishmen he understood:

> The Arab leaders showed a completeness of instinct, a reliance upon intuition, the unperceived foreknown, which left our contrifugal minds gasping. Like women, they understood and judged quickly, effortlessly, unreasonably. It almost seemed as if the Oriental exclusion of woman from politics had conferred her particular gift upon the men.

He daily took his life in his hands, and some of his greatest exploits were performed almost alone. He suffered every extreme of heat and cold, fatigue and sickness.

> The air seemed cold enough to freeze anything, but did not; the wind, which had changed during the night, swept into us from the West in hindering blizzards. Our cloaks bellied out and dragged like sails against us. At last we skinned them off and went easier, our bare shirts wrapped tightly about us to restrain their slapping tails. The whirling direction of the squalls was shown to our eyes by the white mist they carried across hill and dale. Our hands were numbed to insensibility, so that we knew the cuts were there only by the red stains in their plastered mud; but our bodies were not so chilled, and for hours quivered under the hail-stones of each storm. We twisted ourselves to get the sharpness on an unhurt side, and held our shirts free from the skin, to shield us momentarily.

* * *

At last things drew to the climax. Lawrence entered Jerusalem with Allenby in December, 1917. The book is full of remarkable character studies of his British colleagues, for the most part candid and critical, but in Allenby's case touched with a genuine reverence. When Allenby made his final attack, Lawrence and his Arabs cut the Deraa railways and advanced on Damascus. They entered the city along with the Australian Mounted Corps, an exotic medley of tribesmen whom this young Englishman had turned into a conquering army.

> They were a strange contrast; Feisal, large-eyed, colorless and worn, like a fine dagger; Allenby, gigantic and red and merry, fit representative of a Power which had thrown a girdle of humor and strong dealing round the world.

The book ends with Damascus, for with its capture the dream was over, and only regret and disillusion remained. "I vowed," Lawrence has written earlier, "to make the Arab Revolt the engine of its own success . . . to lead it so madly in that final victory that expediency should counsel to the Powers a fair settlement of the Arabs' moral claims."

Here was an Odyssey and an Iliad combined completed before the age of thirty. But the book is not an epic, for there is none of the gusto and swing of epic. The scholar has become a superb man of action, but he remains a scholar—reflective, sensitive, tormenting himself with doubts and subtleties, analyzing each emotion with a terrible precision. He stands outside himself and comments like an impartial spectator. It is his psychological profoundity which makes his book so great a piece of

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literature. Lawrence owed his success mainly to the fact that his dream rode him like a passion.

It is easy to see why Lawrence desired his work to have a limited number of readers. The book is full of a noble beauty, but it is full also of terrible things, which are not for every eye. Such is the account of his capture as a spy in Deraa and what happened to him before he escaped. Fortunately he was taken for an ordinary Arab or there would have been no sequel, since the Turks had set a heavy price on his head. A second is the tale of the Arab village ravished by the Turks in their retreat on Damascus, and of the fate which overtook the ravishers. A third is a picture of a Turkish military hospital, than which I can remember few more awful passages in literature.

Once in 1918 I talked to a great Frenchman. He was of opinion that in the years to come few of the protagonists of the Great War would be remembered, since it had been a war of peoples rather than a war of leaders. The names of generals and statesmen would, he thought, pass into oblivion; but two figures would survive in the world's memory because they were the material of legend. One was d'Annunzio, and the other was Lawrence. This book gives the writer a second title to fame, for it is hard to believe that it will not live. It is a great work and a most paradoxical one, for here is romance acted and written of by one who despises it; supreme adventure narrated by one who cares nothing for it; war to the death waged by a scholar and a thinker; the wildest ambition of youth realized by a man whose dream burned to a white heat and in the moment of triumph died.

I made to Allenby the last (and also I think the first) request I ever made for myself—leave to go away. For a while he would not have it; but I reasoned, reminding him of his year-old promise, and pointing out how much easier the New Law would be if my spur were absent from the people. In the end he agreed; and then at once I knew howmuch I was sorry.

On a Carolina Plantation

BLACK APRIL. By Julia Peterkin. Indianapolis: Bobbs-Merrill. 1927. $2.50.

Reviewed by Charles McD. Puckette

IN many respects this, Mrs. Peterkin's second published volume of fiction dealing with the negroes in the South, must stand as the most genuinely successful attempt yet made to capture the soul of these people. This book is put down with the feeling that one stands nearer to truth than one has stood before, in a field of fiction the surface of which has been often scratched, and the rich depths seldom upturned.

Mrs. Peterkin makes one singularly happy stroke. There are no white people in this book. From first to last it is the story of the negroes' lives in relation to each other. That is quite a different thing from negro life in its relation to another race, or even with the presence of white people and the existing social system as a background constantly present. It is a device which assists in Mrs. Peterkin's search for truth. Nor does she contrive this setting for her story mechanically. The black people of her pages are the hands on an isolated South Carolina plantation on the coast, visited by its owners only in the shooting season. April, the foreman, is a negro; and though the "big house" is there, the story is of the plantation quarters, a community of the black people, indeed isolated.

Perhaps it is more than a coincidence that the South Carolina coast has furnished such unmatched literature of the negro life as Mrs. Peterkin's, the gullah stories of the late Ambrose E. Gonzales, and in a different vein the "Diary of a Woman Rice Planter." In the tidal lowlands of the Carolina rice plantations the negro brought from Africa has been in an alien land, but in a section in which he has been notably free to be himself. The white man cannot stand the climate of the tidal marshes the year round as the negro can; and the inhabitants of such places as Mrs. Peterkin's Blue Brook have been remote from the contacts of a changing, progressing world.

Mrs. Peterkin's rich store of understanding knowledge of the negro shows itself on every page. But this insight is not more remarkable than the honest art with which she tells her story. It is the reality of simple truth. One is not conscious of the art, nor of the writer. The story flows from life itself, and not from one to be observed observing life. The negro's superstitions, morals, humor, mind, customs are what they are. Mrs. Peterkin throws them into no relief against anything or anyone else. Other fiction of negro life seems false in the light of Mrs. Peterkin's achievement.

"The buckra (quality white folks) leave their children money; the black folk leave their children the signs"—the lore of unnumbered beliefs in influences of charms. From the opening chapter in which Maum Hannah puts the plow point under the bed of the girl to cut the "birthing" pains when Breeze is born, throughout the book, this elemental part of negro life is revealed with rare understanding. The black people's strong innate sense of religion is what it may be, and nothing else, in Mrs. Peterkin's capable delineation; one will look in vain elsewhere for a surer grasp of what it really is.

April, Big Sue, Leah, Zeda, Uncle Bill, Sherry, Joy are people who poignantly and truly live. The sum of it all is tragic, as the full story of such lives cannot but be. The annals of this Carolina plantation are not petty episodes, but the great events and emotions of life. It is a strong story; do not be misled.

Perhaps one should not leave this novel without the thought: these simple lives are as Mrs. Peterkin has painted them, but must they be so? The isolation of these people on Blue Brook holds back the hand of time. Does change come and do these people change with it? Mrs. Peterkin does not ask the question. Joy, the daughter of Big Sue, who has gone away for four years and got a "depluma," returns to the life of the quarters. Sherry, leaving his wife in the North, comes back when April fails. Probably the author has no concern with what may be elsewhere or in other years. It is enough that at Blue Brook lingers a community of black people with the giant April in some manner a tribal chief, and that birth and life and death are what they are there.

One reference should be made to the dialect. Mrs. Peterkin has modified the gullah so that it is understandable to all readers. It is a translation to be welcomed; the brilliantly faithful report of the difficult gullah talk by Ambrose E. Gonzales has kept many from enjoying his stories.

City of Amazement

EAST SIDE, WEST SIDE. By Felix Riesenberg. New York: Harcourt, Brace & Co. 1927. $2.50.

Reviewed by Robert L. Duffus

WHETHER New York city is a supreme achievement or just another pathetic mistake is at this writing uncertain. We shall know, perhaps, by the end of the century. In the meantime there can be no doubt that the metropolis is a drama of some interest, and one which, though it contains some decidedly improper passages, it seems impossible to censor or suppress. The play may have a middle, a beginning, and an end, as well-made plays are supposed to have. It is also conceivable that the actors are making up their lines as they go along, and that the stage manager, if there is one, has gone crazy. But New York is certainly a big story. It is, as one of Captain Riesenberg's characters says, "full of big stories, stories so big the novelists can't open their jaws wide enough to bite them." Dramatists, novelists, even journalists may well walk round and round, wondering where to begin.

Captain Riesenberg, who has chewed hardtack north of the Arctic Circle as well as south of Cape Horn, and who has seen New York both as a sailor returning from the sea beholds her and as she presents herself to an engineer having some share in reshaping her, has qualifications and a vision. He has an accurate mind, as any one who has looked into his "Standard Seamanship" may well believe. He has a sense of the adventurous, the poignant, and the picturesque, as "Under Sail" and "Vignettes of the Sea" will testify. More than this he has been able to see his city as a dreamer sees her, as one sees her who both hates and loves her. The epic which was in his mind when he wrote this book is one of eternal frustration and resurgent hope. The Golden City never does quite emerge. On the other hand it is always about to. There are those who discern it in the fog. One of these is John Breen, who is also, for the purposes of the plot, the last of the Van Hornes.

At this point it should be said that the major defect of the present novel, as of almost any novel, which attempts also to be an epic, is that the mightier movements are never quite convincingly reflected in the lives of individuals. At times there is danger that the characters will fall into the rôles of actors in a morality play. John Breen, a waif cast ashore from a sinking brick-laden barge, finding shelter and romance in the Ghetto, fighting his way up, first with his fists, then with his stubborn head, struggling mightily in the bowels of the earth to help bring down Catskill water to a parched city, in the end sacrificing the alluring but trivial Josephine Lambert because a greater love—none other than his chosen city—called him: well, John is dramatic, exciting, typical of a mystic loyalty such as at least one out of every million New Yorkers possesses, but he is not quite real. Neither is Gilbert Van Horne, who turns out, strangely enough, to be his father. Even Josephine and Becka, who come nearer a vivid actuality, slip into symbolic poses, the one representing Upper Fifth Avenue, the other the Ghetto. It is the more incidental characters who come to life—Channon Lipvitch, of the Lipvitch Clothing Emporium; the McManus, proprietor of a saloon and of a few wheels of the political machine; Pug Malone, trainer, prize fighter, inventor of the health farm; Judge Kelly, who "lived on an island, surrounded, not by water but by wisdom." These are actual in the pages of Captain Riesenberg's book, regardless of whether or not they were lifted from real life. Malone, of course, is easily recognizable. The curious may find him in the current newspapers as well as in the pages of Mr. Dreiser's "Twelve Men."

* * *

But what Captain Riesenberg knows supremely well is the raw material of New York, past and present. He knows his East Side and his West Side, from 1900 on, as few men know it. There is splendid color and movement in the fog scene on the river with which the story opens, in the incidents in the McManus's saloon, in the story of the Catskill tunnel. Few authors have thrown up in more vigorous lights and shades the amazing contrast between the smooth surfaces of New York life and the crude realities, mechanical and otherwise, by the aid of which that life is permitted to continue. And few have rendered as well as Captain Riesenberg the confusion of mind and purpose of a twentieth century world metropolis:

> City wrought in flame. City of arguments unending. City of moon faces, city of beauty, city of twilight babies. City of evasions, city of catastrophies, city of shows. City of terminals, city of endings, city of departure, of entries and clearances, city of the last attempt. City of wandering, homeless men and women. City wherein no one knows whether he is coming or going. . . . City of the Spirit Everlasting! of the bright and morning star, of flaming jasper walls. City building, building for the Coming of the Lord!

This, in essence, is what Captain Riesenberg's book is about. It is for this that he invented John Breen and Gilbert Van Horne, Josephine Lambert and Gerrit Rantoul. This is what drives his narrative and rescues it. It is, in a way, a poem about a city which well deserves, whatever else it may deserve, a poem. It would be understood and appreciated by Whitman. It is not final, but this, too, is fitting—nothing about New York can be final. It tells more about New York, one may venture to say, than any twenty deliberately informative volumes dealing with the environs of Manhattan.

Nor should one forget to add that Captain Riesenberg is intensely readable. His narrative rushes and roars like an express train in the subway. There will be few readers once within the sliding doors who will not want to stay aboard until they reach the end of the line. They may subsequently be in some doubt as to where to go next, but, then, one always is that in New York.

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"Stand Back, Pretty Lady"

THE KING'S HENCHMAN. By EDNA ST. VINCENT MILLAY. New York: Harper & Bros. 1927. $2.

Reviewed by HENRY SEIDEL CANBY

THE gusts of experiment blow through poetry, stirred up by the spinning modern world where beauty grows hard and geometric and ugly mediocrity takes on such significance as to mould verse to its likeness. Poetry, like music, acquires harshness in order to escape the suavity of mere imitation, and clash and clang come back into poetical sound, not echoing the metallic clank of the barbaric age but, like its verse, simulating a reality where noise is excitement and living beautifully is not to live at all. We have moods of realism in our poetry, and rightly; we have disjointed, broken rhythms, which synchronize, though unwittingly, with the partial, disconnected generalizations of science that flash truths but never truth. We write poetry of reminiscence in moulds whose patterns are long since shattered, charming the fancy but feeding the imagination on mist wreaths and perfumed smoke. This is the history of poetry and the "way of development" and "the inevitable sequence"—with its most unwelcome novelties often nearest, perhaps, to the curve of hope, and its pleasing memories no more substantial than those faint echoes of an age of energy in the last of the brood of Tennyson.

But the lyric emotion is timeless. The ideas which stir it up into the light, and also its mood, are temporal, but not its essential quality of beauty made personal. And the true lyricists of every period are a brotherhood separated in time but so alike in the source of their emotion that the symbols which they use for the life about them are interchangeable without loss of reality. Keats can sing of Provençal mirth, and Tennyson of chivalry, and Housman can be Latin in his brevity; and Masefield moves from Tyrian galleys to dirty British traders and back again to the Roman legions.

Miss Millay's play, which is probably a better play than a libretto—it is too good line for line to be lost in opera—belongs to lyric poetry of the timeless order. The scene is Anglo-Saxon, the diction is as pre-Norman and pre-French, and pre-Latin as she could make it; not a hint of the modern world does she allow herself in scene, character, or language. But as literature it is no more Anglo-Saxon than Shakespeare's "Antony and Cleopatra" is Græco-Roman, the English of it is closer to Wycliffe than to Cynewulf, the characters, if they are placed historically at all, belong in love-sick Provence of the twelfth century rather than in England of the tenth. The legend she borrows from England of the dark ages, the ethics from the great love tradition of the medievals, the spirit is her own.

I do not mean that the restrictions of language and scene that she has accepted are unimportant. The modern who finds his way into the true fairyland of the eternal lyric cry, must bind his eyes and follow a narrow path. Shakespeare, the greatest of lyric dramatists in English, has hung like the curse of greatness past over most modern attempts to suck sweetness and poignancy from legend and history. They have all written like him who have left pure song for lyric action—even Browning when most lyrical. Some intuition warned Miss Millay, and by forswearing all the piled up riches of the tongue acquired through nine centuries, and writing in words which in their own day made only rough prose or barbaric music, she has achieved a style which is by no means Anglo-Saxon, but unShakespearian; neither modern (as a lyric should never be) nor archaic either.

> The turn of thy head, thy speaking,
> Is like a thing found,
> To a man seeking.

Or

Lost, lost,
Forgotten and lost,
Out of sight, out of sound!
Letting the sun ride by, with his golden helmet,
And all his flashing spears and his flags outstreaming,—
Ride by, ride by, ride by,
Shaking the ground!

Or

> Oh, Cæsar, great wert thou!
> And Hadrian was thy name!
> Thine eye did itch till a Roman ditch
> Was dug in British shame!
> But I would not stand in thy stead,
> For I'd liefer be quick than dead!
> Cæsar thy day is done!
> While ours is but begun!

The idea of the singing song last quoted is quite unhistorical, impossible either in mood or in conception to an Anglo-Saxon; that of course is of little importance; the language is as far from the Anglo-Saxons as the thought, but it *is* the language of the timeless lyric, traditional, expressive, personal all in one. There is no better instance of freedom gained by the refusal of liberty.

I have implied, and should say outright, that Miss Millay's poetry in "The King's Henchman" has the quality of a classic and should be judged as such. One does not look for nuances of modern feeling in it, nor new tones expressive of new notes in the industrialized world. She has endeavored to write in the diction understood of those to whom the twelth century and the Ming dynasty are as real as the Concord of Emerson or the Pennsylvania Terminal, and it seems that she has succeeded.

* * *

The extent of her success is a different question. The exigency of writing for music and the slow drama of an opera have not harmed her play. The melody of language is her gift, and the simplicity required by song has not driven her to flatness as would be the case with many another poet. Indeed, one suspects that she has given way nowhere, and that many of her lines have a crispness in the reading that the music must necessarily mar and be marred by. Nor are the broad brush strokes of opera characterization unfavorable to a lyric drama, poignant but not subtle, unless in its inner meanings. A full expression of a simple lyric emotion is what she aimed at and what she has achieved.

If there are limitations that derogate, they are her own and not assumed. This is an intensely feminine play. Æthelwold, the woman-hating hero, terrible in battle, is bemisted in an instant of magic night into a lover who is a woman's ideal, and indeed a woman. Only Eadgar the King is right masculine and his lines were laid down by a hundred romances. This is a lyric weakness, excusable in opera, where sentiment is at a premium, yet a dramatic loss. As so often in modern literature, where women are beginning to contribute the most finely wrought fiction, the man suffers, embodying the woman's wish rather than male necessity. If Æthelwold has been a princess rival instead of a traitorous henchman, Miss Millay's drama would have a better right to place among the great. She cannot do a man as Shakespeare could do Juliet or Cleopatra.

Yet, essentially, "The King's Henchman" is a woman's drama. This is its link with time, our own time, and specifically Miss Millay's time, which, like all good lyric, it transcends but does not escape.

This play is the story of a futile woman who sells love for excitement. It is as much a story of modern futility as Hemingway's "The Sun Also Rises," though so much less explicit and so much more complete in expressiveness. The medieval theme, which Chaucer would have understood, is of Iseult who risked all for love of a man, or Cresseid who destroyed herself for love of many men. But Ælfrida is a different breed. Her emotions are more esthetic than biological. She yields herself to a magic moonlight and the poetic need of a lover, but to show herself beloved and beautiful is soon a stronger motive; she must go to Ghent where the fashions are new, she cannot be ugly even to save her husband's life, her heart is too narrow for a great love, and her spirit too restless for a present happiness. Her candle must burn at both ends, and hence she is ruinous to men; she fouls their blood; she is beautiful but at the end nothing; the play leaves her to bewail the better dead.

* * *

"The King's Henchman" is the tragedy of a neurotic woman. Friendship of men, it says, is worth more than the lyric love, half angel and half bird, which flits so eerily through the moonlight but turns to vanity in the sun. Yet if this is the dramatic weakness of a play which gives us woman's loves in man's guises, it is its lyric strength, for there is that fragile intensity in the climactic love making of Æthelwold and Aelfrida, which gives to poetry the note of beauty not to be held which the lyric always seeks. And behind the poetry is the beautiful scorn and beautiful regret of a person, alive, in time, who sings for herself and to relieve her own *saeva indignatio* a timeless story in timeless verse.

So much for stricture and interpretation. For the great beauty of "The King's Henchman" we can only be thankful.

Rajput Art

RAJPUT PAINTING. By ANANDA K. COOMARASWAMY. Part V of the Catalogue of the Indian Collections in the Museum of Fine Arts, Boston. Cambridge: Harvard University Press. 1926.

Reviewed by ERNST DIEZ
Bryn Mawr College

THERE are two schools of miniature painting in India, the School of Rajputana and the Mughal School. The former is called after the large province of the same name in northwest India, which, like the northwestern Himalaya countries, is inhabited mainly by the Rajputs (King's sons). These are the descendants of an ancient warrior caste, who now live as landowners and agriculturists under their own rulers. They are the descendants of the old Aryan conquerors of north India. Their painting is thus named because it was cultivated at the courts of their princes, like the Mughal painting at the court of the Great Mughals in Delhi and Agra. Nevertheless the Rajput painting never became an essentially court art like the Mughal, but had its roots in the native religion and art tradition, which reach far back. This painting is indigenous, religious, popular, and genuine Indian, whereas the Mughal was a secular court art, based on foreign prototypes and artificially developed. It is not the only Indian school of painting either, but only one, the most important certainly, of the many developments of the old classical Buddhistic and Hindu art.

The Rajput painting falls into two groups, the Rajasthani and the Pahari. The former belongs to the inhabited part of Rajputana (the northwestern part of it is a desert), the latter is cultivated in the northern mountain provinces, from Jammu in Kashmir to Alomra. Yet there is no essential difference between the two schools. Though Rajasthan (the other name for the province) has been in the possession of the Rajputs for more than a thousand years, and its school of painting is probably not much later, still there are no earlier works existent than manuscripts of the sixteenth and pictures of the seventeenth century. This may be due partly to the joy taken in renewing the family treasures and partly to the continual internal feuds, which frequently led to devastation. The Rajputs did not settle in the northern mountainous provinces, till the end of the twelfth century, when they were driven out, of their chief towns, Delhi, Ajmir, etc., by the Mohammedan conquerors. They were the founders of the Pahary school, which is again divided into the northern school of Jammu and the more southern one of Kangra.

Though most of the extant Rajput paintings are on paper this art derives from wall painting and its classical prototypes were in the grotto temples of Ajanta and other wall paintings, which have been destroyed. The pictures are miniatures only in size, not in workmanship. Only when magnified tenfold do they show their monumental conception and their origin. Many of the cartoons which have been preserved, were evidently intended as is proved by their size as patterns for wall paintings.

Its technique is another proof of the origin of this painting. The pictures are, as a rule, made by brush from beginning to end. The Ajanta frescoes are done in a quite analogous technique. Coomaraswamy is right in pointing out, that this technique is also characteristic for the Egyptian and Cretan-Mycenian painting, so that there was probably an Asiatic influence, which has been preserved in India till quite recent times. The subjects of the Rajput painting are as old and indigenous as the technique. They furnish the historian with a quantity of valuable material about the customs, costumes, and daily life of the Indians, and give us an idea of the spirits of those times. The favorite subject was the representation of the legends of Krishna, the incarnate Vishnu. The adventures of this shepherd-god gave the painters a welcome opportunity of presenting love in all its phases and the joys of pastoral life. The divine shepherd returning with his flocks was a specially favored subject of the Pahari School. Krishna frequently appears with his wife Radha in scenes of domestic bliss, or speaking of love, while they shelter from the rain, or again playing a joke on her. Another popular pose is as a flute player, surrounded by women and his cattle. The tales about Shiva and his wife Parvati, the daughter of the Himalayas, dwelling in her mountains furnish the painters with splendid subjects too, especially rich in scenery. Scenes are also given from the

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great epics, Ramayana and Mahabharata. The Ragas and Raginis, personifications of melodies, may be reckoned among the most profound and beautiful creations of Indian painting.

What the Chinese express by means of the landscape, the Indians represent by means of human love. All its phases and registers are gone through, while this subject is never approached in Chinese painting.

The Boston Museum of Fine Arts possesses far the largest and most important collection of Rajput paintings, owing to the excellent keeper of its Indian and Mohammedan department, Ananda K. Coomaraswamy, the author of the present volume, which presents part V of the general "Catalogue of the Indian collections" in this Museum. We are already indebted to Dr. Coomaraswamy for two important works on this subject, the "Indian Drawings" and the "Rajput Painting." As these beautiful works are out of print and hardly obtainable, the present catalogue is all the more valuable, containing a short historical and systematic text, a descriptive catalogue with an extensive bibliography and nearly 300 reproductions of Rajput paintings, the most complete work on the subject ever illustrated.

It is superfluous to remark that this catalogue is the most learned work ever written on the subject, as Mr. Coomaraswamy is beyond any doubt its greatest living exponent. But every amateur of Eastern art, too, should secure this volume for his private library, as not only does it give rich and varied information about Indian art and culture, but its pictures are a constant source of joy.

The Struggle for Oil

THE OIL WAR. By ANTON MOHR. New York: Harcourt, Brace & Co. 1926. $2.50.

Reviewed by REXFORD GUY TUGWELL
Columbia University

MR. ANTON MOHR being Norwegian—he is a lecturer at the University of Oslo—occupies an advantageous situation from which to survey the machinations of the statesmen and industrialists of the Great Powers in their struggle for oil. He makes it very clear that not only military (automobiles, tanks, aeroplanes) and naval (Diesel and electric powered war craft) strength is involved but industrial strength as well. It is a commonplace now that manufacturers and transport create national rating; and of the means of this kind of supremacy oil, next to coal, occupies, and will for a long time continue to occupy, the most important position. Most perspicaciously he traces the deviously concealed marches and countermarches in the dramatic campaign of the Standard against the Royal-Dutch Shell, the Anglo-Persian, and others of the British group.

That it is a war, he leaves no doubt, nor is there any doubt as to why the strategy is subterranean. Americans would not willingly accept the personnel of the Standard Oil as their champions in an international contest—if they knew it; nor do the British feel more affection for the Shell group; the statesmen are thus precluded from gathering behind their negotiations any popular support and are forced to resort to means which, when viewed impartially, appear peculiarly offensive. Apparently they depend upon never being exposed, knowing, as they do, that the enemy is in no better position than themselves to gain from publicity.

Some Americans will, perhaps, feel a certain chagrin upon learning that in the post-war shakeup during which a recalcitrant public opinion kept us out of the mandate plum-pudding, a threat of Britain to shake a Republican Treasury's vulnerable fiscal policy removed the Chester concession from the realm of possibility, and a certain scandal involving oil occurred at home which made us touchy about the whole subject—that in this period lucky Britain was able somehow to increase her oil holdings from some 2 per cent to about 56 per cent of the world's available total supply. Our statesmen and industrialists, hampered as they were, have been badly out-manœuvered by the British. Like it or not, as you may, such seems to be the situation.

It is true that the United States still produces more than 70 per cent of the world's oil; but the evidence is only too final that in another five years we shall have so far exhausted our supplies that we shall thenceforth have to negotiate with the British for oil as we now do for rubber. Our enormous production only brings the dreaded exhaustion closer. This may in part account for the deep respect with which our more serious press has received recently the usually neglected reports of such scientific meetings as that recently held at Pittsburg, when oil substitutes were being discussed. There was a day when oil was more important even than our ubiquitous crimes of violence. We are said to enjoy the feeling that we are first in size; we are said to be jealous of our independence. And certainly it hurt to meet the British price for rubber, at least it did if we may judge from Mr. Hoover's cries of rage. Perhaps some of us feel equally humiliated to know that soon we shall have also to go to Britain for oil. One might, of course, venture the suggestion that the key to the situation is not so much the tenderness of our pride as that of certain of our industrial balance sheets. It is also sometimes suggested that some slight and not too costly humiliation of this kind might in the end prove beneficial by establishing a more conciliatory and coöperative attitude in the world's general affairs, though to some it may seem at least as likely to engender a taste for reprisal of some sort.

Aside from these considerations, however, the whole question of imperialistic policy in the effort to control such resources is inevitably raised. It brings into sharp relief the industrial inconsequence of national boundaries; but it shows, too, how the dead hand of past political arrangements can lie with momentous consequence upon the throttle of progress. In whatever way official Anglo-American relations are affected by the struggle for oil, the most acute phase of which is now impending, some comfort can be had by remembering what common men are like. It does seem unthinkable, for instance, that they would acquiesce in the policy Mr. Mohr is certain our State department has pursued in Central and South America. It is difficult to say just what would be done about it if we were all of us aware of the consequences which have ensued there, but one cannot avoid thinking that something sudden and drastic would happen. Still, with most of us covering the miles we do in automobiles from day to day we need that oil which is being brought up from the lower latitudes. There is no doubt about that. But if Mr. Mohr is right about the secrecy of the various moves in the British-American struggle for oil we shall never be allowed to define the issue for ourselves in these clear economic terms. When the statesmen and financiers fumble we shall hear much of trumped-up affronts to citizens and dangers to property rights. We may even have to fight, some of us, to keep our automobiles running.

The great value of such a book as this of Mr. Mohr is that it coldly, almost sardonically, draws aside the curtain for a moment. In that moment we see great imponderable forces moving in and through our civilization completely outside our knowledge or control any one of which may suddenly precipitate a holocaust of human anguish. One who lays down a book so packed with dynamite and does not shudder at the prescience of disaster implied in its conclusions must be singularly lacking in imagination. He may even find himself wishing for that democratic control of industry and for those open industrial covenants which economists, some few of them, have argued for so passionately and with so little result. If it is true that the common Englishman and the common American could never be got to endure the bloody hideousness of war for the causes which here are seen dragging their heavy serpentine coils across the destiny of the race, it seems pure tragedy that the hideousness should be masked with a sort of ideal beauty when the issues come to them. One may even doubt whether they would be willing, knowingly, to exploit one another as, unknowingly, they are required to do. Seeing the forces moving as one does through such revelations as this one of Mr. Mohr, some comfort might be had from cursing the statesmen and financiers, who are at fault. But how to find them, how to allocate the blame! The more one searches, the more definitely it appears that we are up against a system, an institution, a way of doing, wanted by no one, moved by no one, but growing by cumulation, rooted in tradition and stretching across the whole modern world. No personality is big enough, no genius great enough, to understand and operate the system. Its servants are nearly as passive and understanding as the commonest man of us all. We shall triumph and suffer from its successes and its failures. But unless our forthright efforts are suddenly enlarged beyond all expectation we shall not control it.

Chinese Student Agitation

THE YOUTH MOVEMENT IN CHINA. By TSI C. WANG. New York: New Republic, Inc. 1927. $1.

Reviewed by FELIX MORLEY

THE "old China hand," denouncing in his Treaty Port club the evil times which Chinese nationalism has brought for him, is apt to pigeon-hole the fomenters of his troubles in three classes: the Bolsheviks, the missionaries, and the students. It isn't an inaccurate division, if one is careful to replace the symbolic bogies of the befuddled foreign business man by the less tangible forces of social, spiritual, and intellectual discontent. There is a threefold unrest breaking the chrysalis of ancient China today, though in the student movement these ferments have a tendency to merge in one undisciplined whole.

One closes Dr. Wang's brief, but timely and dispassionate study, with a better realization both of the power and the chaotic nature of the Chinese "youth movement." We have chuckled at the constitution of a popular student society whose adherents "could not hold governmental offices . . . nor consort with prostitutes." We have admired the courage with which these same virtuous youths forced a corrupt Peking régime to repudiate the Japanese aggression in Shantung. And over and above all detail—rather too much of it—we have come to appreciate that the student agitation in China is symptomatic of a deep and many-sided revolution in national life, its objectives extending from the revival of Chinese literature and the abolition of illiteracy, to revaluation of traditional social concepts and elimination of one-sided foreign privilege.

* * *

Although the author's material has been inadequately sifted, too much space being devoted to long lists of student associations, publications, etc., and not enough to close analysis of the intellectual ebullition, the scheme of the book is logically drawn. It passes from the story of Yung Wing, who just eighty years ago came to America as the first Chinese overseas student, through the gradual increase of those assimilating western ideas, to the part which their influence has played in various phases of the present upheaval. The disproportionate influence of the foreign-educated in all this is indicated by an analysis of the faculty of the National University of Peking, since its founding, a generation ago, a focal point of intellectual radicalism. Of the thirty-three members of the faculty in 1921, no less than twenty-eight had studied abroad.

With a young professor at that university the reviewer had a conversation, while in Peking about a year ago, which is quite apposite to the subject under discussion. An anti-Japanese demonstration was being worked up among the students, in which legitimate and unfounded charges against the Tokio government were mingled in about equal measure. In answer to a comment on certain obvious exaggerations this Harvard-educated teacher replied that China's greatest present need is patriotic fervor, and that the best way to stimulate patriotism is to inflame hostility against other countries.

* * *

The same emotional distortion, the same curious combination of penetrating logic and childish indifference to consequences, are visible here and there as Dr. Wang traces the rise of the Chinese student movement to its present potency. But before we criticize the occasional injustice approved by the student organizations let us dwell thoughtfully on the strength of the bonds of stultifying Chinese conventions, and the iron injuries of foreign treaty privileges which these Oriental lads have risen in fine fury to upset.

Perhaps the gravest defect in the book is its inclusion of a chapter on the German post-war student movement, with a forced parallel with that of China intended to be illuminating for western minds. For every superficial resemblance a fundamental difference could be cited. Dr. Wang's useful work would have had great reference value if in this and less important details he had endeavored to keep the treatise from being as inchoate as its subject matter. This, however, is a problem which other volumes in the interesting "New Republic" series have failed to solve.

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Our Medieval Inheritance

THE LEGACY OF THE MIDDLE AGES. Edited by C. G. CRUMP and E. F. JACOB. New York: Oxford University Press. 1926. $3.50.

Reviewed by CHARLES H. HASKINS

Harvard University

THE Middle Ages, though often unperceived, lie all about us. America still has its cardinals and bishops and cathedrals, its juries and representative assemblies, its tags of law-Latin and law-French embedded in the tough matrix of the common law. Our universities still confer mediæval degrees in arts and law and medicine, still build Gothic laboratories and libraries and graduate colleges. Even so modern a newspaper as the Chicago *Tribune* is printed in a mediæval alphabet in a building modelled after a mediæval tower of Rouen cathedral, that "Butter Tower" which was made possible by the sale of indulgences to eat butter during Lent! The past is unescapable.

If the twentieth century, as the universal legatee of civilization, cannot escape from its mediæval inheritance, neither can this legacy be defined so simply as in the case of Greece and Rome. The Middle Ages are a long and confused period which cannot be condensed into a compact formula; and their continued but unequal influence today stands in the way of a detached judgment. The mediæval Church is still very much with us, and "an American fundamentalist is the spiritual descendant of St. Bernard." Yet the Middle Ages mean more at Rome than in Seattle, one thing to a chemist and something very different to an artist. In any case they mean much to an Englishman, whether approached from the angle of the House of Lords or from that of gild socialism; and any English attempt to evaluate the epoch inevitably will stress the continuity of law and institutions, even if the signature of Oxford and the Public Record Office be not on the title page.

If "The Legacy of the Middle Ages" is English in its general perspective, its contributors are chosen from a wider field. Nine of the seventeen are English, four French, and one American, while the remaining three are foreigners domiciled at Oxford, Messrs. Foligno and Lowe and that great cosmopolitan scholar, the late Sir Paul Vinogradoff. Whereas the political and constitutional chapters are by Englishmen, those on law—customary, canon, and Roman—are by Continental writers; and if architecture is fittingly assigned to the Surveyor of Westminster Abbey, Mr. Lethaby, sculpture and the decorative arts are treated by representatives of the Louvre. Only Miss Eileen Power could have written the delightful study of the actual position of women in an age when "the knight was the champion of God and the ladies" and the Church could not decide whether woman should be treated as Eve, the wife of Adam, or Mary, the mother of Christ.

Perhaps the most suggestive chapter is that in which Professor Powicke discusses the religious life of the period as a conflict between religion and authority, between organized Christianity and ubiquitous paganism. At once realistic and sympathetic, its quality can be seen from a few sentences:

> The legacy of mediæval Christianity to later ages was the problem of authority. . . . The problem of authority did not arise from a conflict between the faith of an organized Christendom and the reason of men outside the Church. It was not due, though this would be nearer the truth, to a conflict between reason within and faith without the Church. It was the problem of controlling the interplay within the Church of faith and reason, of religious experience and theology. . . .

The two American contributions are excellent. In one the master hand of Dr. Lowe makes beautifully plain how the particular forms of minuscule letters now in use are not a direct inheritance from Rome, but rather a creation of the Middle Ages. In the other, that skilled investigator of English economic history, Professor Gras of Minnesota, describes the economic activity of mediæval towns as the parent of the modern economic order, whose beginnings he traces back to about 1300.

It would be easy to point out omissions, like music, over-emphasis here and inadequacy there, but, taken as a whole, the volume is well planned, meaty, and stimulating, and helps distinctly toward a better understanding of the epoch. If the authors have not captured the whole secret, if one can imagine a quite different book on the same theme, this is no disparagement of the editors and their collaborators but a proof of the vastness and the variety of the Middle Ages themselves.

The Bowling Green

A Geometry Notebook

THE notebook, bound in blue-green speckled boards, begins boldly enough. *Modern Geometry*, it says; *Preliminary Propositions;* and these first pages, written in a vigorous black ink precisely suggest the somewhat vacillating scholar who has determined to make a fresh start and do justice to the subject. The little diagrams are smartly drawn, and we feel that if he goes on like this none of the mysteries of triangles and circles will be hidden from this young geometer. "If from any point or no of points," he confides, "pairs of tangents be drawn to a circle: the chords of contact all pass through the same point." He proceeds to "Pascal's Hexagon" and "Brianchon's Theorem"; plunges into the charms of conic sections. "The parabola is symetrical with respect to the axis," he remarks; but he was never a talented speller. Some pages have been torn out, but apparently he goes on with unabated zeal as far as Proposition X. There we find signs of wavering. Some trial rhymes are jotted in pencil at the top of the page. *Cram, flam, Abraham, whim-wham, tram, clam*—not a very promising assortment. There, at Proposition X, the muse overtakes him. The two chords intersecting in a parabola, and their ratios to other parallel chords, are rushed through to the hastiest Q. E. D. The student had been intersected by chords of a different sort. The pen and ink are abandoned; enters the pencil, the pencil that makes this notebook precious still:—

I like a pipe discreetly lit,
A bottle wreathed in cobwebries,
A random interchange of wit,
A café window whence one sees—

Then you turn back and look again at the cover of the notebook. You guess now the meaning of that clear circular impression. It is not just a geometrical figure. No, something hot and wet has rested there —a large glass of toddy, perhaps, such as might console an undergraduate in a snell climate, coming out from a lecture-room.

The muse having interrupted Euclid, has it all her own way for several pages. I copy down, exactly as they are pencilled on the pages, some extracts from these jottings. How divinely youthful they are!

With liberal hand, in life's bright morning hour,
God crowned my head with hopes and visions high.
Flower after flower I plucked them, flower by flower
Spoiled their bright leaves and, careless, threw them by.
Gone are these fair old dreams; gone, one by one,
As one by one the hope to attain them died. . . .

Whether these bright nosegays, plucked and then abandoned, were symbolic of the exercises in plane geometry, one knows not. But the young dreamer is assiduous enough at his own concerns:—

Such hopes alas! demand no slight
Or trivial exercise of might
My candle goes not out by night
And many a time
I work into the morning light
To find a rhyme.
I labor harder at my trade,
Line upon line discreetly laid
The *filum* travelling grade by grade
From verse to verse,
Than Adam labored with his spade
After the curse.

This pertinacity was not always rewarded, though. On the next page we find:—

My muse is out of voice tonight;
Her high notes do not sound
And begs

But after these false starts she clears her throat with a fine bravado:—

Here, learned sir's an exercise
To take to pieces and revise,
Come shake your beard and clear your eyes
And clean the table,
By God! my lines shall take the prize
If I am able.

This lively outburst, and some memoranda of projected short stories, evidently operated as a relieving catharsis, for the notebook now resumes the neglected mathematics. There are several pages, handsomely done, dealing with Arithmetical Means and Induction. "To find the sum of the squares of the natural nos is neatly worked out, but then reappear the numbers that were even more natural to this young wayfarer. The next scribblings, apparently suggested by a before-sunrise ramble with a companion, include these lines:—

First to the Forward-looker sing
A pæan—royally a King
And manfully a man;
Crafty and strong was he—he knew
How, buffeted and thwarted, grew
The sickly life of mankind thro'
God's plan.

There follows a cash account of a Class Dinner Club, of which our hero was treasurer. Then, as the middle pages of the book are still blank, we turn to the other end and go backward.

We start there with a page of what one suspects to be notes on philosophy lectures.

Ontological Utilitarianism,
eternal verity—Platonist

is the first entry, phrases of the kind particularly enchanting to youthful taste. I like also the following:—

6th sense (moral sense)
Moral sense-faculty tend to produce happiness
Benevolence criterion
Faculty-reason
Criterion—congruity between agent & actor

A seasoned philosopher could write quite a sizable essay based on those notations. Then we have a page of trigonometry formulae, carried over from the other end of the book, some more geometry problems, and extracts from codes of Roman law. But at this end of the book poetry has the best of it. There are rough drafts of a long poem in honor of Saint Valentine, very characteristic of all high-spirited rhymers at this age:—

With hopeful faces, now we sight
(A month or so in front) the sun
In the next springtime shining bright,
And know the year is rebegun.
So come & snap the castanettes
And gaily lead the dance adown
Away with reasons! . . .

Happy who are not gravely wise
But wear the motley next their skin
And shake their bells in grandam Grundy's eyes
Motley I count the only wear
That suits in this mixed world the truly wise,
The wise who smile upon despair. . . .

We do not now parade our 'oughts'
And 'shoulds' and motives and beliefs in God.
Within we hold the wake for hopes deceased;
But in the public streets, in wind or sun,
Keep open, at the annual feast,
The puppet-booth of fun.

Our puns, perhaps, are small to please
But even negro-songs and castanettes
Old jokes and hackneyed repartees
Are more than the parade of vain regrets.
Let Jaques stand Wertering by the wounded deer
We shall make merry, honest friends of mine,
At this unruly time of year,
The Feast of Valentine.

Priest, I am none of thine and see
In the perspective of still hopeful youth
That truth shall triumph over thee,
Truth to oneself—I know no other truth.
I see strange days for thee and thine, O priest,
And how your doctrines, fallen one by one,
Shall furnish, at the annual feast,
The puppet-booth of fun.

Even if you didn't know whose notebook this was, (in his twentieth year) there are two entries that identify it. There is the page where he draws up the scheme of a book of tales ("A Convenanting Story-Book" he entitles it) in which there occur several titles that he actually used later on, and one that became one of his masterpieces. And in the list of members who had paid their five-shilling dues to the Class Dinner Club his own name is set down. There you will find it, at the bottom of the list—R. L. Stevenson.

I doubt if there is any more charming souvenir of that lean, brown-eyed, spindle-shanked undergraduate. How zealously he set about his geometry theorems, in ambitious black ink; how inevitably the tinkering pencil of the muse kept interrupting! The little notebook must have been dear to the Tusitala, or he wouldn't have kept it through so many years and wanderings. Some of the scribblings in it have been reprinted in the New Poems issued not long ago. As verse these rhymings are not important; what is much more so is to see that he really worked hard at his geometry. I am grateful to the generous Mr. Gabriel Wells, who now owns the notebook, for letting me study it.

CHRISTOPHER MORLEY.

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Books of Special Interest

Problems of Labor

THE LABOR PROBLEM IN THE UNITED STATES AND GREAT BRITAIN. By WARREN B. CATLIN. New York: Harper & Bros. 1926. $3.50.

Reviewed by EDWARD S. COWDRICK

PROFESSOR CATLIN has undertaken to include in a single volume the most significant features of British and American labor problems, pointing out their similarities and their differences and tracing the influence of one upon the other. Largely on account of this method of approach, his book is at once more comprehensive and more understandable than many of the works that have been written in the field of labor relationships.

Having first traced the history of the laboring classes in England and in the United States, the author discusses the various factors—wages, unemployment, capitalism, accident hazard, superannuation, and the rest—which enter into the complicated thing we have been taught to call the "labor problem." Professor Catlin's treatment of trade unionism gives evidence of much research and of a broad understanding of the subject. It is true that the unions are pictured mainly as organizations for conflict, and that scant attention is given to some of the recent developments in unionism which most observers consider significant. Labor banks, for example, are dismissed with a casual reference in the chapter on "Coöperation;" labor life insurance companies are barely mentioned, while the other ventures of unions into the field of finance and investment are either ignored altogether or passed over with hasty comment.

In spite of these omissions, and of an occasional sharp criticism of union methods, organized labor will find no ground for accusing Professor Catlin of unfriendliness. In the main he accepts the whole union doctrine. "If we are willing to accept the necessity of collective bargaining under present industrial conditions," he writes, "and, further, to regard the union as the chosen representative of labor in that process, then we must be willing to concede to the union such recognition, powers, and policies as will enable it to play its part effectively."

Again:

The non-union man who is such from choice, and not because, although thoroughly competent, he is unable to get in, is hardly a creature upon whom it is worth while to waste any sympathy. Insofar as the non-union man benefits from the raising of standards through the efforts of the union, he is gathering where he has not strewn; and if he does not benefit, he and his kind have only themselves to blame.

From an author thus indoctrinated, it probably is too much to expect any particular sympathy with efforts at improving labor relationships which do not spring out of unionism. Works councils, although Professor Catlin thinks they "are assuredly an advance upon the old autocratic methods," are given only a brief and somewhat inadequate treatment, and the conclusion (except for a somewhat surprising endorsement in the very last paragraph in the book) is that "works councils do not seem destined to supplant or to serve as a substitute for unionism as an agency for the defense of the workers."

Employee stock participation fares even worse. "Stockholding by employees, encouraged through a system of easy payments, is, of course, nothing more or less than our old acquaintance, 'profit-sharing,' and has all the perils which labor leaders and writers have discovered in that device of employers." It is true that employee stockholding has its perils, but they are not necessarily the same as those of profit-sharing, with which, "of course," stock participation is by no means identical.

The book gives an illuminating account of the political activities of trade unions in England and in the United States. The non-partisan policies of the American Federation of Labor are generally endorsed by the author, who thinks, however that, "should both of the old parties suddenly become virtuous, and attempt, as the Republican party after its overwhelming victories in 1920 and 1924 has shown some signs of doing, to purge themselves of all taint of progressivism, it may no longer be possible for labor and capital to ride in the same political conveyance."

Dr. Catlin's arrangement of material is excellent, his composition is workmanlike, and his style has both vigor and spirit. His book should be of value not only to the college student for whom primarily it was written, but also to the business man or general reader who seeks an understanding of the problems of labor.

Hurly-Burly

THE INTERNAL CONSTITUTION OF THE STARS. By A. S. EDDINGTON. New York: The Macmillan Co. 1926.

Reviewed by ALBERT PARSONS SACHS

THE Plumian Professor of Astronomy in the University of Cambridge has already gained world-wide eminence by his books on the relativity theory. He has proved his ability to compose lucid and simple expositions of the most complicated phenomena by his "Space, Time and Gravitation," a clear and simple discussion of the relativity theory.

The present book builds up to greater heights the promise of his earlier works. Professor Eddington's is an authentic talent. It is not to be assumed that this is a book for the general reader. It is not. But the introductory chapter called "Survey of the Problem," covering a mere twenty-six pages, is a summary, chiefly in non-mathematical terms, of the rest of the books. It is to this chapter that we shall principally devote ourselves. It is brilliantly, wittily, and humanly written. The educated citizen who has a smattering of the modern ideas of atoms, electrons, stars, stellar distances, X-rays, spectrum analysis, etc., will find these threads woven into a fabric of great strength and coherence. The remaining chapters are devoted to the mathematical proofs of the propositions laid down and a fuller development of the ideas summarized in the preliminary "Survey of the Problem."

Professor Eddington chooses Capella to display the method of determining the internal constitution of a star. Capella is a binary star, a couple eternally rotating about each other in about 104 days. The visual and spectroscopic data have enabled us to calculate the orbits, masses, and orbital velocities of the two component stars. The spectral type of the brighter component of the binary star indicates a somewhat lower surface temperature than for our sun (sun 5740° Centigrade, Capella 5200° Centigrade). The total radiation from the surface is estimated, as is the radiation per unit of area, by luminosity data. This enables us to calculate the surface area and diameter. We find that the mass of Capella (bright component) is four times that of the sun, but owing to a lower density and diffuser condition its diameter is fourteen times that of the sun. The temperature at the center is approximately 7,200,000° Centigrade and the pressure is more than 300,000,000 pounds per square inch. The force of gravity at the surface is three-fifths of the force of gravity at the surface of the earth. The energy radiated into space consumes the mass of Capella at the rate of 500 million tons per second.

So much for facts and figures about Capella. The thought-feeding ideas are very simple and profound. It is shown that the stars have an evolutionary course. They begin cool, and diffuse and condense so as to become hot and dense, and then finally become colder. It is shown that practically all stars have the same mass. If they were larger they would explode because of radiation pressure; if smaller they would continue to grow by attracting matter gravitationally. The safety zone, in general, is for stars somewhat smaller than our sun to stars somewhat larger in mass.

The inside of a star is a hurly-burly of atoms, electrons, and ether waves. We have to call to aid the most recent discoveries of atomic physics to follow the intricacies of the dance. We started to explore the inside of a star; we soon find ourselves exploring the inside of an atom. Try to picture the tumult! . . . As we watch the scene we ask ourselves, Can this be the stately drama of stellar evolution? It is more like the jolly crockery-smashing turn of a music-hall. The knock-about comedy of atomic physics is not very considerate towards our esthetic ideals; but it is all a question of time-scale.

If we could take a slow-motion picture of the atomic chaos, slowing down the motion millions of millions of times, we should see all this tiny turbulence become as orderly as the motions of the planets about the sun and just as elegant and determinate.

The reviewer ventures to believe that this book will be the progenitor of many books by lesser luminaries than the author. They will attempt to popularize the lore of stellar composition. It is to be hoped that Professor Eddington, having written this book to serve as a reference guide, will himself write the popular exposition from which is stripped the mathematics.

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Spanish Books

By Henry Leach

MORE than in any other old country, I think, the effort increases in Spain to preserve in every possible way an absolute record of those rich and distinctive national and regional customs which only old nations know, and which in the great narrowing change of the world are now fast being swallowed up in the general tendency towards uniformity. Various societies exist in Spain for the conduct of this labor in different forms, and among them there is in Madrid a "Junta para Ampliación de Estudios," and it has set itself the task of establishing an "Archivo de Tradiciones Populares." As a sign of good faith it makes a real beginning, and has published at the price of ten pesetas a delightful little book on Asturian folk-lore under the title of "Cuentos Asturianos: Recogidos de la Tradicion Oral," meaning, of course, Asturian tales gathered from the lip tradition. The author is Aurelio de Llano Roza de Ampudia, a mining engineer who has been in constant and most familiar touch with the peasantry of this rough northern region, and has become saturated with its folk-lore, of which he has previously written much. From the humble Asturians he has now subtly extracted their nicest tales, many of the fairy kind, and these he has put together with annotations and a glossary in a pleasant little book whose value will not end at the present time. One of the compiler's useful informants was a little girl of fourteen.

Somewhat akin to this idea, but of greater extent and solidity, is "La Verdadera Poesía Castellana," by Julio Cejador y Frauca, the fifth volume of which has just appeared. This is evidently a very comprehensive anthology of primitive popular lyrical poetry, and has been the result of intense labor and research in a very rich field, where, however, it was necessary to exercise the cleverest discrimination. The author, who is Professor of Latin at the University of Madrid, is not accustomed to spoil his work for want of detail or by economy of space. Five volumes are here on this subject, and he once gave fourteen to a History of Spanish Literature. The new volume is published by the Revista de Archivos at thirty-six pesetas.

From the same publishing source, and at the price of twenty pesetas, comes another book of the perpetuation class, which for its human interest may make a quicker appeal than any. From the multitudinous proverbs of Spain, famous among all other proverbs as they are, one may discover much of its quaint psychology, its philosophy, temperament, and character. The common people breathe out these proverbs with the most remarkable facility. Here in this book by Francisco Rodríguez Marín, entitled "Más de 21,000 Refranes Castellanos" is a rare collection, but who is to say that even now the compiler has found them all? Many proverbs are of necessity common to various countries, and are but thinly disguised by terms of conversion into the national animals, foods, and so forth. "If you would find out what a ducat is worth, try to borrow one," is only changed by a word from a proverb that is so much liked in northern England as to be printed on its pottery. But Spain, among her twenty-one thousand or more, has many that are all her own. Some have an exclusively national reference. One is learning something about shipping and geography when told that "June, July, August, and Cartagena are the four best ports in Spain," and of other things and sentiments on hearing that "Italy is the best country to be born in, France the best to live in, and Spain the best to die in." Other proverbs embrace the essence of a popular national philosophy, which brings the foreign contemplator to think and wonder, and perhaps some time to dispute. What of this?—"Three men assisting each other will do as much as six singly." Is it the cupidity of relatives or some psychological effects of morbidity that is meant in this? "After the doctor the most dangerous threat to health is a last will and testament, and more people have died because they have made their will than because they were sick." The answer is both. In their native Spanish, and untranslated, the sentences are more slick, and run suavely. "If you would live in health, be old betimes"—the sense is clear and not even subtle. "The reason why parents love the younger children best is because no hope remains for the others," is a better proverb for Spain than for most other countries, because, especially in the classes where there is patrimony, the eldest are commonly and almost notoriously idlers and good-for-nothings. "A wise man never says 'I did not think of that,'" has business value, and the seven ages of man are given a new complexion in this—"At twenty a man will be a peacock, at thirty a lion, at forty a camel, at fifty a serpent, at sixty a dog, at seventy a monkey, and at eighty nothing." "Inevitably hosts of proverbs are devoted to womankind. The general trend, as is to be expected of proverbs, is to regard the ladies with suspicion—"Woman is a pill and must be gilded when she is taken;" "A woman's counsel is worth little and he who does not take it is a fool," and so forth.

The news came the other day that Alejandro Pérez Lugín was dead; he had passed away at a country place after a long illness at the age of fifty-five. It set authors and readers thinking and gossiping, for the life and work of Lugín had become something of a problem. Abroad not much may be known of his work; there was so little of it. But scarcely an American can have traveled in Spain without having had it consciously or unconsciously brought to attention, for on every bookstall and in every bookshop was generally, and is right up to the present time, his "La Casa de la Troya," with its striking picture cover, in a cold blue grey tone, of a big sculptured pillar with a plaza beyond. This novel was "premiada" by the Spanish Academy, and by the time I bought it myself, having resisted the inclination at first on general and particular grounds, it was already in its twenty-second edition. It was and still is a best seller. After such a brilliant beginning, it was naturally expected that Lugin would follow up quickly with other novels, and it was announced that he was at work. But the years have gone by and the great novel is still unwritten.

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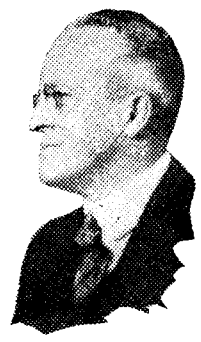

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Points of View

Here Was a Man

To the Editor of *The Saturday Review*:
SIR:

All admirers of Frank Moore Colby's work and all who ever knew Mr. Colby must be grateful to you and to Mr. Dodd for the review of "The Colby Essays" in your March 5 issue. I hope it is not presumptuous of me to add a personal word.

Mr. Dodd has skilfully and valiantly defended Mr. Colby against the charge of being an "indifferentist . . . egotistic, frosty, self-centered." That any such picture is a "caricature" is of course true, but it is not so easy to prove that Mr. Colby did "paint his own portrait" (adequately) "in his work." That, certainly, was far from his intention. He was not of the cult of self-expressionists but of the very choice group of idea-expressionists, as Mr. Dodd so ably demonstrates. This being true, is it not because Mr. Colby's ideas are so rich in content, and so perfectly word-embodied, that the creator's personality retires into relative insignificance—as he would have desired?

Perhaps, at the risk of being impertinent, one may say that Frank Moore Colby did not "write for a living." That is self-evident to anyone who knows what comparatively meager returns such writing as his can look for. The great novelists may have built up modest fortunes once their place in popular favor was established; the great essayists have not required large wallets.

Yet livings have to be earned. Mr. Colby's was earned, over a period of some years, largely through his connection with a well-known New York publishing house. He was in active editorial charge of a certain encyclopædia and year book which rank high among their kind, and his work in this field was very faithful and fruitful. It was not work that he loved. He could not give it the allegiance that most professional men can give their chosen vocation. His heart was in the kind of work into which he could throw his very self—and yet in which so little of his self is manifest.

One could reasonably expect that any tendency to "indifferentism" would appear, if ever, in relation to daily labors that were at best of rather a routine and humdrum sort—and that this "indifferentism" might extend to those who were associated with the editor in such daily labors. Surely they would soon have discovered the fact if Mr. Colby had been "a human iceberg." They never discovered anything of the kind. This being the case, one member of the staff who labored in 1913-16 in an upper-Broadway loft overlooking the Hudson feels impelled to render due if insignificant tribute to the man who was so kindly, so unfailingly patient, so considerate, so trustful that others would perform their assigned tasks as faithfully as he performed his.

I can see him yet, coming in of a morning, rather self-absorbed (or idea-absorbed), with his plodding walk and his inspirational pipe, to settle down to duties that sometimes must have seemed to clamp shackles upon his spirit. . . . A just man, a rare mind, a heart not worn on a sleeve; a man whom one could thoroughly respect and like, yea love, even where close personal fellowship was lacking. What a rich association with him must those have had who by age and interests and calibre were qualified to be his intimates!

ONE WHO REMEMBERS

Kipling's Attitude

To the Editor of *The Saturday Review*:
SIR:

Too much that has been said on the subject of prohibition invites that biblical thrust in the solar plexus, *who is this that darkeneth counsel by words without knowledge?* It is hence the more refreshing to find something on the subject, which is pungently pat and convincing, and, to find it, where one might expect such a trove, in the latest volume of the seer-eyed Kipling.

In the tale of Prophet and the Country, the old chucklesome Kipling once more delights us, with his slyly trenchant wit and wisdom, and the masterly ease with which his arrows find the bull's-eye. Using the rank dialect of a supposedly typical American, he serves up from a uniquely fresh point of view our "She-dom'nated Civ'lization" and the Prohibition "wished on to America by her women, while her sons were helping the Allies win the war." Most piquantly "the Revolt of the Red Corpuscles" is verbally screened for Mr. Kipling, by his expositor:

> Deprive 'em (the Red Corpuscles) of their job by sterilizin' an' virginising the system, an' the Red Corpuscles turn on the human system an' destroy it bodily. Mentally, too, mebbe. *Ain't that a hell of a thought?*

All that the delightfully tragic story records, is condensed in a few prefatory stanzas of an apocryphal translation of Horace's Ode 20 (Book V) (?):

Whence public strife and naked crime
And—deadlier than the cup you shun—
A people schooled to mock, in time,
All law—not one.
Cease, then, to fashion State-made sin,
Nor give thy children cause to doubt
That Virtue springs from iron within
Not lead without.

If these lines, countersigned by the appalling statistics of bootleggery, do not hold an unanswerable challenge to prohibition, in its present state, I do not know where we shall find them. Nevertheless, if Mr. Kipling will permit a funbeam to flicker over the serious solidity of the theme, may one ask how much *iron within* was displayed by the narrative of "The Bull That Thought," when he "accompanied" Monsieur Voivon, when he filled their glasses five times, with the champagne "that went better at each descent."

Some latitude, however, one must allow to a story-teller. Even an imaginary drink helps to mellow and blend consecutive paragraphs.

Hats off, then, to Mr. Kipling, even, if we must gently remind him that he should not mistake the voices of ten political tailors in America as representatives of a population of over one hundred million.

ELLEN BURNS SHERMAN
Ashburnham, Mass.

The Reviewer's Way

To the Editor of *The Saturday Review*:
SIR:

There is a fine superciliousness exhibited in the last sentence of Mr. Elmer Davis's review of "I'll Have a Fine Funeral": Which, after all, is the business of the novelist. Unfortunately, however, the review fails to exemplify the corollary of this, i.e., that a careful examination of this same business of the novelist is the business of the critic.

Instead, Mr. Davis devotes most of his space to maintaining that this, if not the best of all possible worlds, is at least a very good one, and that Mr. Mazière's attack must therefore necessarily be fallacious. The reviewer does not, of course, pretend actually to know the facts which led to the writing of the book under consideration; he merely feels that they must be misinterpreted, because they fail to fit his ideas.

The accuracy of the reviewer's observation is fairly well indicated by his phrase, "a social-economic order of two or three centuries' standing." Apparently he never heard of the Industrial Revolution, or at least does not know that it began scarcely a hundred years ago, and it is not yet completed.

But most of our present-day reviewers, not content with their privilege of making *ex cathedra* pronunciamentos on literature, feel also impelled to explain Life to their dumb and benighted readers. Once wholesome comments on the effects of a little knowledge, and of power misplaced, are no longer fashionable.

CHARLES EDMUND NOYES
New York.

To the Editor of *The Saturday Review*:
SIR:

Praise God and the editor of *The Saturday Review* for choosing a man like Leonard Bacon. He is one of the two or three reviewers who has given Osbert Sitwell's book "Before the Bombardment" a little of the praise that is due it. Sitting quietly here in Europe, one gets tired of seeing mediocre books "boomed" by literary chain gangs while good ones are lost in the clouds of smoke. "Before the Bombardment," it seems to me, is likely to outlast the whole collection of "best novels" with which obliging reviewers have garlanded the American public this year.

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Mr. Alan Rinehart,
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Dear Sir:

I have just finished reading the copy of "War Birds" which you so kindly sent me. Naturally, I have read a great many articles and publications dealing with Air Service activities during the war, but never have I had the pleasure of reading one so full of human interest and yet so accurate in detail as to this one.

Having been a member of that same group of Cadets with the author, having crossed to England on the "Carmania" with them, trained with them at the various R. A. F. schools mentioned and eventually gone up to the British front with them, I am in a position to vouch for the accuracy of both the events and sensations described. All of the characters are familiar, some of them very close friends, and in comparing the diary with my own covering the same period I find that facts and places correspond almost exactly.

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The New Books

The books listed by title only in the classified list below are noted here as received. Many of them will be reviewed later.

Art

DRAWINGS OF THE EARLY FLEMISH SCHOOL. By A. E. POPHAM. With 72 collotypes. McBride. 1926. $5.

Like its fellows in the English-made series "Drawings of the Old Masters," this quarto admirably serves both the amateur and the professional student of the history of art. In it one may trace the story of linear design from the miniature painters of Flanders at the end of the fourteenth century to Old Bruegel, beyond the middle of the sixteenth. The indispensable sheets are reproduced and there are also novelties, as the two charming drawings ascribed to Scorel. The editor has used commendable caution in attributions and has not hesitated to offer a fine drawing though its authorship be doubtful. The catalogue indications are satisfyingly full for a popular book, and the bibliographical leads are entirely adequate. Amid the slovenliness now prevailing in art historical books, this series is a shining example of editorial probity.

FANTIN-LATOUR. By *Gustave Kahn.* Dodd, Mead. $2.

CONSTABLE. By *André Fontainas.* Dodd, Mead. $2.

MEXICAN ARCHITECTURE OF THE VICE-REGAL PERIOD. By *Walter L. Kilham.* Longmans, Green.

Belles Lettres

THE DEVELOPMENT OF VIRGIL'S ART. By HENRY W. PRESCOTT. University of Chicago Press. 1927. $4.

After two thousand years it is difficult to offer novelties in Virgilian interpretations. Heinze, however, in "Vergils Epische Technik," succeeded in making a significant contribution. His volume, despite its burden of argument, should have been translated long ago, since its penetrating methods —as Garrod has proved—may be employed to advantage in studying more recent authors. Professor Prescott has here reproduced the best part of Heinze's volume. He has, however, by no means translated or paraphrased. He has rather assimilated and rewritten, now judiciously condensing, now expanding with profit, always presenting the matter in an effective arrangement and with complete mastery of Virgil's epic and its sources. He has also rescued many profitable suggestions from Norden's bulky volume of erudite and extravagant guesses; and for a helpful discussion of Virgil's earlier years he has judiciously sifted out the more generally accepted results of recent studies—chiefly American—conducted in the mazes of the Appendix Vergiliana. It is encouraging to see that a conservative scholar could find so much of permanent value in these recent investigations. The book will be read with profit by teachers of Virgil, and can claim a legitimate place on the shelves of intelligent readers of literature who occasionally range into the ancient field.

BUMPS. By *Albert Payson Terhune.* Harper's.

PROSE PREFERENCES. Selected and edited by *Sidney Cox* and *Edmund Freeman.* Harper's. $2.50.

THE SOURCES OF HAMLET: With Essay on the Legend of Sir Israel Gollancz. Oxford University Press. $2.75.

MR. PICKWICK'S PILGRIMAGES. By *Walter Dexter.* Lippincott. $5.

THE FIRST ENGLISH TRANSLATORS OF THE CLASSICS. By *C. H. Conley.* Yale University Press.

THE OUTLINE OF SANITY. By *G. K. Chesterton.* Dodd, Mead. $2.50.

PAGES IN WAITING. By *James Milne.* Putnam. $2.50.

Biography

LADY MILLER AND THE BATHEASTON LITERARY CIRCLE. By RUTH AVALINE HESSELGRAVE. Yale University Press. 1926. $2.

Eighteenth century enthusiasts never weary of hearing about Lady Miller and her Vase. Beginning with Horace Walpole, the *cognoscenti* have laughed at both and displayed an insatiable desire to know more. Now Miss Hesselgrave has written it all up with the apparatus of modern scholarship and put the period to the whole absurd performance. Those who remember Miss Repplier's handling of kindred subjects in "A Happy Half Century" may wish that Miss Hesselgrave had used her material more gaily, but we must not cavil, for we have it—and in a format which is in the highest traditions of the Yale University Press. Peace to Egeria and her *bouts rimés!*

THE EMPRESS-MIGHT-HAVE-BEEN. By *Octave Aubry.* Harper's. $2.50.

THE HEALING OF RODOLPHE GRIVEL. By *Fabre d'Olivet.* Translated by Nayán Louise Redfield. Putnam. $4.

ANTHONY COMSTOCK. By *Heywood Broun* and *Margaret Leech.* A. & C. Boni. $3.

SONS OF THE EAGLE. By *George Creel.* Bobbs-Merrill. $3.50.

I THE JEW. By *Maurice Samuel.* Harcourt, Brace. $2.50.

THE ACTOR IN DICKENS. By *J. B. Van Amerongen.* Appleton.

EARLY DAYS IN UPPER CANADA. By *John Langton.* Edited by W. A. Langton. Macmillan.

THE AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF A FISHERMAN. By *Frank Parker Day.* Doubleday, Page. $2.50 net.

ENCOUNTERS. By *Ifie Evans.* Houghton Mifflin. $3.

A METHODIST SAINT. By *Herbert Asbury.* Knopf. $5 net.

Fiction

THE FRUIT OF EDEN. By LOUISE GERARD. Macaulay. 1927. $2.

Our heroine here is Hilary Fane, a sportive English girl of noble lineage who, unescorted and in male attire, meets with love and adventure while driving her motor-car about the rustic roads of southern France. An impoverished young native, Paul, the Marquis de Rochefallain, on first meeting mistakes her for an effeminate boy, but later, discovering his error, is inflamed to the extent of abducting and concealing her in the deserted castle of his forefathers, where for several days she undergoes a really painful experience. An accident, inflicting concussion of the brain, necessitates her restoration to liberty and return to England, whence, on being given sad tidings of the stork's approach, she goes back to the too impulsive and warm-blooded Paul. Need we add that the grieving youth, torn by love and contrition makes amends by marrying her and dedicating his life to atonement for his sin? And that the stork's message proved a false alarm?

THE EYE OF LUCIFER. By FREDERIC F. VAN DE WATER. Appleton. 1927. $2.

Two members of the New York State Mounted Police, Sergeant Delaney and Trooper Cameron, while patrolling roads in the vicinity of a nearby town, are summoned thither by the murder of a local millionaire. Mystery, of course, envelops the crime, suspicion of guilt falling upon two unidentified evil characters and two Russians, a sister and brother. The murder of the latter, burglary of a farmhouse and torture of an old man quickly follow, depredations which our two bewildered, but courageous, lads are powerless to prevent. "The Eye," it transpires, a huge emerald which had belonged to the late Czar, is the cause of all the sanguinary wrongdoing. Further details of the story we may not impart, though the devotee of adventure fiction should not be disappointed in learning them from the book itself.

THE HOUSE OF SECRETS. By SYDNEY HORLER. Doran. 1926. $2.

The jacket of this nonsensical mystery novel is adorned with the dubious pun: "Horler for Excitement!", a jest whose quality is appropriate to that of the tale which follows. On being summoned home to England, after a long absence abroad, young Barry Wilding is surprised to find that he is the heir to 800 pounds a year and to his family's isolated ancestral home, The Durdles. There is a condition attached to the legacy, but Barry, on attempting to fulfil the course required of him is at once beset by incomprehensible and violent attacks upon his person. A young girl seeks to warn and befriend him; he is roughly used and repeatedly outwitted by sundry strange villains; all of which extraordinary doings serve but to intensify the befuddled youth's determination to discover what is going on. In his processes of revelation, at the close, our author (in the reader's estimation) severely stubs his toe.

ARIANE. By *Claude Anet.* Knopf. $2.50.

LUD IN THE MIST. By *Hope Mirrlees.* Knopf. $2.50.

LOVE IS ENOUGH. By *Francis Brett Young.* Knopf. 2 vols. $5.

A METHODIST SAINT. By *Herbert Asbury.* Knopf. $5 net.

JEREMY TAKES A HAND. By *Cornelia Kane Rathbone.*

THE BLUE BODICE. By *Antoine Sorrel.* Writer's Guild.

THE LADY OF GESTURES. By *Charlton Andrews.* Macaulay. $2.

(*Continued on next page*)

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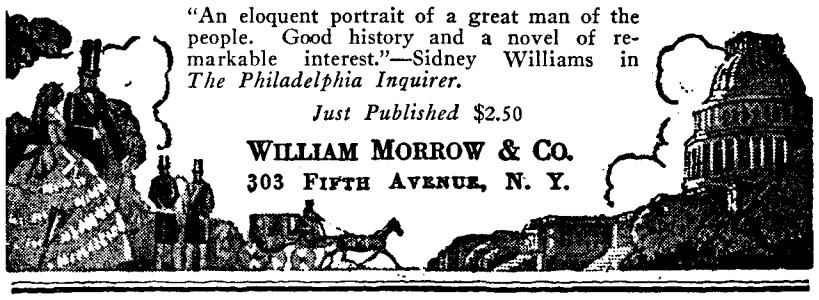

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The New Books

Fiction

(*Continued from preceding page*)

THE HURCOTTS. By *Muriel Hine.* Dodd, Mead. $2.

THE MAGIC MAN. By *Hallie Erminie Rives.* Dodd, Mead. $2.

THE HOUSE OF SIN. By *Allan Upward.* Lippincott. $2.

ANNE DECIDES. By *Robert Keable.* Putnam. $2.

CRAVEN HOUSE. By *Patrick Hamilton.* Houghton Mifflin. $2.50.

MEARHAM. By *W. L. Buxton.* Longmans, Green. $2.

THE OUTER GATE. By *Octavus Roy Cohen.* Little, Brown. $2 net.

JEN CULLITON. By *Nelia Gardner White.* Appleton. $2.

CHILDREN OF DIVORCE. By *Owen Johnson.* Little, Brown. $2 net.

SACK AND SUGAR. By *Mrs. Alfred Sidgwick.* Doubleday, Page. $2 net.

GRAY DAWN. By *Albert Payson Terhune.* **Harper's. $2.**

THE THREE TAPS. By *Ronald A. Knox.* Simon & Schuster. $2.

THE STARLING. By *Doris Leslie.* London: Hurst & Blackett.

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BENITO ARENO. By *Herman Melville.* Illustrated by E. McKnight Kauffer. Nonesuch Press.

A MAN OF LITTLE FAITH. By *Reginald Wright Kauffman.* Penn.

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FOUR O'CLOCK. By *Mary Borden.* Doubleday, Page. $2.50 net.

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WHEN MANKIND WAS YOUNG. By *F. Britten Austin.* Doubleday, Page. $2 net.

Miscellaneous

THE STORY OF SCOTLAND YARD. By GEORGE DILNOT. Houghton Mifflin. 1927. $5.

The jacket of this "first full and authoritative work to be published on Scotland Yard" bears a different title from the book's—"Scotland Yard. Its History and Associations." A more appropriate variant would have been "In Defense of Scotland Yard," for Mr. Dilnot aims his pages at some real or hypothetical gentleman who looks at the Metropolitan Force with a disagreeable eye, probably, one gathers, from a Home Office window. Thus the book deals more fully with the Force's struggles with the Government than with its war on the criminal. Our impression—doubtless an exaggeration—is that more space is devoted to the policeman's fight for an adequate salary than to any other aspect of his work, and that isn't fair to the police.

Mr. Dilnot undoubtedly knows his subject, and it is just as certainly an interesting subject, but his unfortunate advocatory engrossment prevented his making a book more than spottily interesting. There is too much repetition, too many quotations from reports, statistics, names and dates, and so on, that have the double disadvantage of being dull to the general reader, too indefinite or too incomplete for the student of police method.

Mr. Dilnot's pictures of the Force engaged in specific cases seldom show the Force in an altogether favorable light, though he seems annoyingly unaware of any gap between his praise and the facts. Even when writing of the "Sidney Street Battle"—from beginning to end in every way worthy of the late Keystone Force—he finds nothing to criticize.

But however one-sided Mr. Dilnot's view may be, he presents what probably is on the whole an accurate picture of Scotland Yard today: a uniformed force of very great efficiency; and a detective force mechanically nearer perfection than most others, but given to floundering when unusual circumstances call for extra-routine methods.

FARMERS OF FORTY CENTURIES. By F. H. KING. Harcourt, Brace. 1927. $3.50.

Professor King, born in 1847, was one of the pioneers of agricultural science, specifically agricultural physics. The influence of his work, done chiefly in the University of Wisconsin and in the United States Department of Agriculture, is permanent. The vitality of the man's accomplishments is verified by the republication this year of his last book, which was originally issued privately by his widow immediately after his death in 1911. Agricultural thought moves rapidly these days, and it is a rare book that survives sixteen years.

"Farmers of Forty Centuries" is, for the general reader, an alluring travel book, informed with keen and accurate observation and filled with pictures that really illustrate. But it is more than this. Beneath the observation is scientific knowledge that enables the author to interpret as a unified whole the agriculture of China, Korea, and Japan. There are not many books that may be classified as "agricultural travel," and this is probably the best of the group.

The non-agricultural reader, who commonly has an unreasoning faith in "intensive farming" as the solution for agricultural problems, should perhaps be warned against attempting to apply Professor King's excellent analysis of Oriental farming to American conditions. It is necessary only to point out that the Orient has a large farm population in proportion to its area, while in this country the situation is reversed. Both land and man-power are factors always to be reckoned with in formulating agricultural policy.

VITAL VEGETABLES. By *Ida C. Bailey Allen.* Doubleday, Page. $2 net.

THE AMERICAN INDIAN. By *A. Hyatt Verrill.* Appleton. $3.50.

FISHES IN THE HOME. By *Ida M. Mellen.* Dodd, Mead. $1.75.

PALMISTRY FOR EVERYONE. By *Beckwith Kirk.* Dodd, Mead. $1.

HOW TO DECORATE TEXTILES. By *Zelda Branch.* Dodd, Mead. $2.50.

ECONOMIC GEOGRAPHY. By *J. McFarlane.* Pitman. $3.

COLONIAL LIGHTING. By *Arthur H. Hayward.* Little, Brown. $7.50 net.

THE SMALLER AMERICAN HOUSE. By *Ethel B. Power.* Little, Brown. $3 net.

THE FUN SHOP. By *Maxson Foxhall Judell.* Doran. $2.50 net.

LET'S GO TO THE MOVIES. By *Iris Barry.* New York: Payson & Clarke. $3.

Poetry

CHRISTUS VICTOR. By *Henry Nehemiah Dodge.* Putnam. $3.

A FIRST BOOK OF LYRICAL POETRY. A SECOND BOOK OF LYRICAL POETRY. Selected and edited by H. A. Treble and G. H. Vallins. Oxford University Press. 2 vols. Vol. I, 35 cents; Vol. II, 45 cents.

WE KNOW BETTER. By *James Aswell.* Charlottesville, Va.: Gordon Lewis.

MASS. By *Abe Craddock Edmunds.*

CLIFF DWELLINGS AND OTHER POEMS. By *Glenn Ward Dresbach.* Vinal. $2.

SELECTED LYRICS OF AMELIA JOSEPHINE BURR. Doran. $2 net.

THE RING AND THE BOOK. By *Robert Browning.* Crowell. $2.50 net.

MOTLEY MEASURES. By *Bert Leston Taylor.* Knopf.

THE CLOSE CHAPLET. By *Laura Gottschalk.* London: Woolf.

Travel

IN BARBARY; TUNISIA, ALGERIA, MOROCCO, AND THE SAHARA. By EDWARD A. POWELL. Century. 1926. $4.

In the last volume of his trilogy of African travel Colonel Powell maintains his reputation as an urbane, observant reporter who always travels under the very best auspices, but never lets his gratitude as a guest get the upper hand over his candid opinion of the conditions he discovers. French officials gave him every assistance, and the Compagnie Générale Transatlantique saw to it that his journey of 15,000 miles was "replete with material comforts" (and Colonel Powell dwells upon them lovingly), yet he will not admit that Morocco is seraphically happy under French rule. He sums up France's policy in North Africa by saying that in Algeria she has employed repression, in Tunisia conciliation, and in Morocco persuasion. Romantic interludes, purple patches, and quotations from Kipling are judiciously intermingled with historical chapters and masses of informing detail in Colonel Powell's best style, and the eighty-six illustrations are so good that some one deserves the credit of mention for having made them.

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The Reader's Guide

Conducted by MAY LAMBERTON BECKER

Inquiries in regard to the selection of books and questions of like nature should be addressed to MRS. BECKER, c/o *The Saturday Review*.

A BALANCED RATION

REVOLT IN THE DESERT. By *T. E. Lawrence*. (Doran.)

ELMER GANTRY. By *Sinclair Lewis*. (Harcourt, Brace.)

ENOUGH ROPE. By *Dorothy Parker*. (Boni & Liveright.)

HERE is another instalment for *Three Star, Massachusetts*. "Try him on Harold Steele Mackaye's 'The Panchronicon' (Scribner, 1904, unfortunately out of print)," says *W. J. H., Gary, Ind.* "Tell *M. P. H., New York,*" says *M. D., Rye, N. Y.*, "who is agitated over the loss of her 'Red House,' by E. Nesbit, that Methuen of London publishes a cheap little fifty-cent edition. I know just how she feels, having long been a lover of it and often met with stony looks at book-shops and 'out of print, madam!' Does she know 'The Incredible Honeymoon,' by the same author, almost equally delightful?' *M. D.* recommends "White Stacks," by William Hewlett (Houghton Mifflin), and "Thomas," by Creswell, "both delightfully idiotic," and adds Turner's "Simple Souls," but this was one that *Three Star* originally gave me as model of this kind. Also he has read the novels of Victor Whitechurch, which *M. J., Toronto, Canada*, suggests, but for other readers the information will be useful that "A Bishop Out of Residence" is generally taken for his best, and that his latest is "The Dean and Jecinora"—and by the way, Jecinora is not a girl. *M. J.* praises Sophia Cleugh's "Matilda, Governess of the English" (Macmillan), saying that there are priceless children in it, and reminds me that her "Ernestine Sophie" (Macmillan), is just as good in its way. Here are some more from Toronto: "Thunderstorm" and "The Back Seat," by G. B. Stern; Horace A. Vachell's "Quinneys;" "The Soul of Susan Yellam," and Snaith's "The Time Spirit;" Ian Hay's "The Right Stuff;" "A Man's Man" and "A Knight on Wheels." Taffrail's "A Tall Ship," and Birmingham's earlier books, especially "Spanish Gold" and "The Inviolate Sanctuary." McNaughtan's "A Lame Dog's Diary" and "The Fortunes of Christy McNab." "Marshall is wearing thin now," says *M. J.*, "but his Clinton series, beginning with 'The Squire's Daughter,' is delightful, and Dodd's 'Farthing Spinster' is worthy of being in this gallery, and Wells's old books, 'Love and Mr. Lewisham,' 'Mr. Polly,' and the immortal 'Kipps,' with, I think, 'Christina Alberta's Father'."

D. H. A., Morganton, N. C., has two hobbies, murder and gardening, and desires recent literature bearing on either or both.

IT must have been for readers with this blend of interests that a book lately brought to my notice, "The Murder in the Garden," was written. Anyone with a properly nurtured hobby for homicide must by this time have read Edmund Lester Pearson's "Studies in Murder" (Macmillan), and his second collection of crimes, "Murder on Smutty Nose" (Doubleday, Page); they must be named, however, lest other hobbyists send in fevered letters of reproach. They are indeed my own favorites, even better than Tennyson Jesse's "Murder and its Motives" (Knopf), or William Bolitho's "Murder for Profit" (Harper), enthralling as these are, for these generalize now and again and come to conclusions, whereas Mr. Pearson sets down all and says little, with his opinions glistening from between the lines. "The Bravo Mystery," by J. R. Hall (Dodd, Mead), is based on a famous poisoning case, and there is a volume of only such cases, but your true literary sleuth takes less interest in these, as being unsportsmanlike. "The Bravo Mystery," however, is treasured as debated and yet debatable, and the case of Carlyle Harris keeps coming up in collections and in autobiographies: there is a spirited report of it in Francis Wellman's "Gentlemen of the Jury" (Macmillan). C. E. Pearce's "Unsolved Murder Mysteries" (Stokes), "Famous Trials of History," by the Rt. Hon. the Earl of Birkenhead (Doran), "Famous Criminals and Their Trials," a new collection compiled by Theodore Falstead from the papers of the late Sir Richard Muir (Doran), and J. A. R. Brookes's "Murder in Fact and Fiction" (Brentano), lengthen the line—there would be a bookcaseful if you added the English "Famous Trials" series which gives all the evidence, but these are in cruelly small print: I was regretfully obliged to leave them undisturbed in Mudie's this summer for this reason. "The Judges and the Judged," by Charles Kingston (Dodd, Mead), one of the latest of the compilations, though rather thrown together, is full of curious cases; such as that of the woman who was killed for what turned out to be stage money, and of the thief killed by his pals just after he had prepared a poisoned meal which they then confidingly consumed. These are books such as *Mr. Boffin would have loved, after* he no longer needed to delude Bella Wilfer with his misers, but Professor Andreas Bjerre's "The Psychology of Murder" (Longmans) is another matter. He cuts the subject into fewer pieces than Miss Jesse did; admitting but three types; the self-deceiving murderer, the frightened, weak-willed one, and the type unable to get his bearings in life, with no sense of proportion, and hence living a sort of "shadow life."

Turning to the other side of the request, "The Flower Garden Day by Day," by Mrs. Francis King (Stokes), is just what the title promises; a garden almanac and diary with advice for every twenty-four hours and alternate pages blank for notes. Even for this indoor month of March there is daily advice on mending gloves, spraying lilacs, and the right way of starting seeds in the house. "My Garden Comes of Age," by Julia H. Cummins (Macmillan), stands out by reason of mellowness: just twenty-one years ago the author began to create a garden around a "deserted" farmhouse in the Adirondack foothills, knowing nothing at first and learning as she went on, until now the place is a young Paradise. The descriptions include remodeling the house: the book is good for other northerly localities and has a wide general usefulness. "The Cultivation of Shrubs," by Katharine M. P. Cloud (Dodd, Mead), has an index in English as well as in Latin, whereby I learned that the glorious bush opposite our front door in Vermont is *Viburnum opulus*, and that the barberry with which our Massachusetts pasture is aflame in the Fall is *Berberis*—I always thought there was something piratical about that plant. This book has tables for the arrangement of shrubs and directions for their culture. "The Little Kitchen Garden," by Dorothy Giles (Little, Brown), is the latest of the "Little Garden Series" and quite as good as the rest of this admirable equipment for the beginner with limited space and money. The ideas of "The Little Kitchen Garden" are sound and pleasantly expressed; I have more experience with vegetables, and may speak without referring the volume to others for judgment, as on garden literature I generally do. "The Gladiolus Book" is announced for immediate publication by Doubleday, Page: three men produced it, Forman Lane, W. E. Clark, and Eugene Fischer, a traveller, a plant breeder, and a business man. The result is a history of the flower, descriptions of its varieties and directions for their nurture, many pictures, and a section on the shows and societies interested in gladiolus development.

Anyone interested in gardens should know about "The Magic of Herbs" by Mrs. C. F. Leyel (Harcourt, Brace), as cozy a book as I have come upon in a long while, comfortably printed, and generally a delight to the eye. It is a "book of secrets" drawn from a host of herbals, medieval and up to the eighteenth century, with tales of the use of herbs in magic, beauty-culture, and the more picturesque forms of healing. It deals with love philtres, soul medicines, and cosmetics like the Eau de Carmes and Goddard's Drops, distilled from human bones. Oh, it's a lovely book, with one generation handing on to the next its dearest delusions, and as there is a chapter on narcotics and poisons, it might at a pinch serve both these hobbies.

What really started this inquirer to apply to the Guide was her desire for an anthology of garden poems: she will find it in "The Melody of Earth," a pleasant collection made by Mrs. Waldo Richards (Houghton Mifflin).

Houghton Mifflin Company has announced that it has concluded definite arrangements with ex-Senator Beveridge for the publication of his life of Abraham Lincoln on which he has long been known to have been writing. According to present plans, the first two volumes will be published in 1928.

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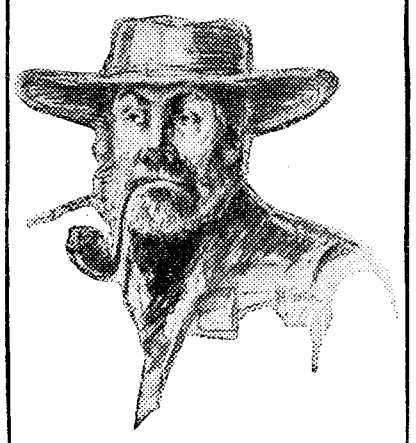

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The Phoenix Nest

THIS week we have to report that the novel we have most enjoyed dipping into lately has been *Malcolm Ross'* "Deep Enough," picaresque chronicle of the Southwestern oil fields. At least the first book of the novel, which we have just finished, is about the oil fields; the next and last, which we are just about to begin upon, concerns adventures in copper mining. Ross writes with youthful gusto, and can write exceedingly well, as note his description of the norther over the prairie and the fire destroying the oil derricks. "Deep Enough" is of distinct promise. The scenes and the people are convincing, the story easily holds one's interest. . . .

Bohun Lynch's "A History of Caricature" is brought out very attractively by Little, Brown and Company. The book is handsomely made and the supplementary plates are excellent. Mr. Lynch, incidentally, pays tribute to *Ralph Barton's* and *Carl Van Vechten's* championship of the young Mexican caricaturist, *Miguel Covarrubias*, who has since become so famous. . . .

We have recently run across a short poem in *Harold Vinal's* poetry magazine, *Voices*, which we wish to quote for what other times might have called its "pretty conceit." It is by *Kenneth Slade Alling*, a young poet of no mean attainments. (Send us a ferocious sonnet, Ken!)

BIRD FLOCK

Far lighter than a flock of words,
Released to fly with wings of wit,
The wind has twirled a scarf of birds
And caught this tree about with it.

And disengaging it again
He flings the fabric to the skies.
Falling, it floats into the grain
Where now invisible it lies.

A book like *George Creel's* "Sons of the Eagle" (Bobbs-Merrill), comes gratefully to one interested in romantically written American biography. Creel is a writer able to impart his enthusiasms. He is dealing with great material. He marshalls as various a cohort of great men of deeds upon the printed page as *Roger Williams, Boone, Patrick Henry, Washington, Hamilton, Decatur, Lewis* and *Clark, Andrew Jackson, Simon Bolivar, Sam Houston*, and others. He ends with "The Scandals of 1876," a chapter on *Rutherford B. Hayes*. . . .

Anent our recent notice (March 5th) of a clipping from the February *Étude*, wherein the editors of that periodical were perplexed by a certain trombonist's broadcasting, "Hot and sweet. Plenty pep. Read and fake, can sing. Play in tune, gold outfit, tuxedo, double at drums, dirt and flash, hot sock cymbal. Ham lay off. Young and good looking. Some violin when needed, double stop and goofus," *Abbe Niles* submits the following gloss upon it:

"Hot and sweet": The gentleman can play hot jazz or sweet jazz, which are to each other as gin-and-bitters to grenadine.

"Read and fake": he can read music, or do without.

"Gold outfit": his instrument is gold-plated.

"Dirt and flash": he can play low-downs, mean jazz; or classical stuff.

"Hot sock cymbal": in a sock chorus, also known as a Boston, the effect is of locomotor ataxia. The trombone, played staccato, takes the front, with the big drum and cymbal, one worked with the left foot and the other with the right, the operator rocking from one foot to the other, as drum and cymbal alternate instead of being struck together. Here this advertiser shines. The "hot" is redundant.

"Ham lay off": no fourth-class organization need apply.

"Double stop" of course means that the musician can play on two strings simultaneously. Perhaps I insult *The Étude* by the explanation.

"Goofus": a jury of six jazzists say there is no such thing. The most plausible suggestion is that it is intended to denote old-time sawmill fiddling for Turkey in the Straw and the like.

The newest Gerhardi book, by the *William Gerhardi* who wrote "Futility" and "The Polyglots," is called "Pretty Creatures" and is said to be "Gerhardi at his keenest, wittiest, and best." Duffield will publish it. . . .

Last summer *Norman Matson's* "Flecker's Magic," along with *Ronald Fraser's* "Landscape with Figures" beguiled our passage across the Atlantic. So we are glad to hear that Matson's second novel, an American saga entitled "Day of Fortune" will be published this spring by *Ernest Benn*, Ltd., in London. This month Benn are also publishing "The Comic Artist," a three-act play by Norman Matson and *Susan Glaspell*. . . .

We have received a "Memorandum on the Projected Encyclopædia of the Social Sciences." Seven of the learned societies in the United States have been considering the feasibility of such an encyclopædia. The project has now become definite. The encyclopædia is to come into being and will include all those sciences "which are either primarily social in character and content or which have social connotations." It will be both dictionary and handbook, in about ten volumes, will contain biographies of living as well as of deceased notabilities, will take about six years to complete, and its editorial staff and advisory board will be announced at an early date. Among contributors to the fund making the enterprise possible are the Laura Spelman Rockefeller Foundation, the Russell Sage Foundation, *Senator Couzens, Hon. Charles E. Hughes, Thomas W. Lamont, Mortimer L. Schiff, Paul M. Warburg*, and others. . . .

Dorothy Stott Shaw has contributed quite a remarkable poem, "Father Escalante Finds the Holy Cross" to the March number of *Palms*, edited by *Idella Purnell* in Guadalajara, Mexico. Miss Shaw hails from Colorado Springs. Her poem is a description of how *Father Francisco Silvestre Escalante* started out from Santa Fé to search for a route connecting Santa Fé with the missions on the California coast. . . .

We acknowledge a copy of "Chinese Verse" by *Mr. Chung P. Lum*, the Chinese translations being by *Mr. Sui Peng*, a Chinese poet, who has used both new and old forms of verse. The illustrations are by *Edna Frances Edell*. The verse has been written during the six years Mr. Chung P. Lum has resided in America. . . .

The third volume of "The Tale of Genji" is now available through Houghton Mifflin. This is the extraordinary book that *Arthur Waley* calls "by far the greatest novel of the East." The third volume is entitled "A Wreath of Cloud." *Lady Murasaki* is the author. The hero of her tale is a resplendent and amorous Prince of medieval Japan. . . .

On the stationery of *The Poetry Review* of London, England, comes an offer of prizes in the amount of $200 for the best poems about "Service." This announcement is from *Mrs. William A. Bartlett*, chairman of the American section of the Poetry Society of Great Britain. The contest is open to all, and entries should be addressed to the Poetry Society, 280 Madison Avenue, New York City. The contest closes June 15th. . . .

And our candidate is *Mr. Edgar A. Guest*, a young American versifier who has been doing extremely well for himself on kindred themes. . . .

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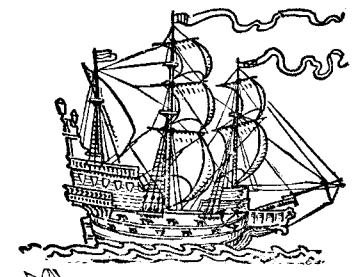

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The World of Rare Books

By FREDERICK M. HOPKINS

AT AMERICAN ART GALLERIES.

THE collection of Henry Goldsmith of this city, consisting mainly of memorabilia of the presidents, was sold at the American Art Galleries, in a single session, February 28, 186 lots bringing $10,062. The collecting of material relating to the presidents is growing in favor. There have been several collections in the last two or three years of this kind sold at auction and they have attracted considerable attention. A letter signed by General Washington, 4 pp., folio, written at headquarters, Harlem Heights, October 13, 1776, relating to the campaign around New York, brought $375; an A. L. S. of Washington, 4 pp. 4to, Mount Vernon, November 30, 1785, to James Madison, in regard to public matters, $640; a copy of Knox's "Essays, Moral and Literary," 3 vols., 8vo, calf, London, 1787, from John Adams's library with his bookplate, $160; an A. L. S. of Andrew Jackson, 2 pp., folio, January 8, 1813, to his wife, Rachel Jackson, $260; autograph album containing a card with three line note and signature in Lincoln's autograph, together with members of his cabinet and many members of both houses of Congress, $125; Woodrow Wilson's copy of Cicero, 12mo, cloth, Philadelphia, 1873, used when a freshman at Princeton University, with his early signature, "Thos. W. Wilson," on a fly leaf, $500; three A. L. S. of Benjamin Franklin, written in 1746 and 1747, while a member of the Provincial Assembly, $575; another A. L. S. of Franklin, 1 p., small 4to, London, April 18, 1765, to his wife, Deborah Franklin, $410. A fine Kipling manuscript, an article written by him for the souvenir booklet of the Quebec Tercentenary of 1910, about 500 words, with a letter to Lord Grey, sold for $725. The highest price of the sale, $925, was paid for a letter book of John Howard Hayne, containing copies of letters written to his family during the years 1805 to 1819, aggregating 75,000 words, all in his own handwriting.

On March 1 and 2 the library of the late Charles L. Bailey of Harrisburg, Penn., comprising the works of standard authors in limited and de luxe editions, many in fine binding, together with fine examples of binding by Roger Payne, Derome, La Gascon, and other famous binders, and many first additions of nineteenth century authors, was sold, 622 lots bringing $48,162. A set of the definitive edition of Mark Twain, 37 vols., 8vo, three-quarters levant *morocco* by Stikeman, New York, 1922, brought $400; a collected set of the first editions of Charles Dickens, 55 vols., 8vo, 12mo and 16mo, levant, London, 1837-1907, $1,650; the dated library edition of Carlyle's "Collected Works," 34 vols., 8vo, levant by Stikeman, London, 1869-71, $395; an extra-illustrated copy of the "Life and Labors of Hablot Knight Browne," by David C. Thomson, royal 4to, levant by Tout, London, 1885, with nearly 200 interesting plates, $350; the limited edition of Joseph Conrad's "Works," polished calf, by Sangorski & Sutcliffe, London, 1921, $325. A collection of autographs of the Popes from Leo X (1513-1521) to Pius X (1903-1914) who died in 1914, fetched $1,700. "The Book of the Presidents," with biographical sketches by Charles H. Grosvenor, one volume extended to two, royal 4to, levant morocco, with autographs of the presidents from Washington to Coolidge inclusive, realized $1,100.

BURNS' MSS. SOLD.

THE famous Burns collection gathered by R. R. Adam of Buffalo, said to be the largest in private hands, has been bought by Dr. A. S. W. Rosenbach, rare book dealer of this city. In commenting on his purchase, Dr. Rosenbach said he regarded it as one of the most important transactions he had ever made. One of the most important of the thirty-five original manuscripts is that of "Tam o'Shanter," which contains the lines of "Lawyers and Priests," which the poet was induced to alter before the poem was published. Among the other manuscripts are those of "For A'That and A'That," "Bannockburn," "Once I Lov'd a Bonny Lass," "Lament of Mary Queen of Scots," "There was a Lass and She was Fair," "Epistle to Davy," "To a Woodlark," "The Last Time I Came Over the Moor," "The Blue-eyed Lass," "Wilt Thou Be My Dearie," and "Sonnet—On Hearing a Thrush." The letters are said to be of the greatest biographical importance. Several of them contain songs and are important from a literary standpoint. One of the most striking letters is the first one addressed to Mrs. McLehose, whom he had just met, and with whom he was soon deeply in love.

AMERICAN CENSORSHIP.

C. H. ST. J. HORNBY, of the Ashendene Press, in a letter to the London *Times*, has the following to say about American censorship:

"It may interest some of your readers to know to what extreme of prudery a civilized State can go in the matters of censorship. Some years ago I printed at my private press a folio edition of "Il Decameron di Boccacio" in the original Italian. The edition consisted of 105 copies only. Recently Messrs. Maggs Brothers, the well known London booksellers, sent a copy of this book to one of their clients in the State of Kansas, United States of America, where it was impounded by the Post Office authorities, condemned as an immoral book, and ordered to be destroyed. In spite of protests, the work of destruction was duly carried out; and I have seen the mutilated volume which was returned to Messrs. Maggs Brothers with all the pages except contents and a few leaves of the introduction neatly cut out by a guillotine, only the back margins remaining intact. A veto upon a copy of cheap English translations of "The Decameron" into an English-speaking country would be understandable; but this wanton destruction of a great classic in the original language, and issued at a high price to subscribers, is, I venture to think, a curiosity in the records of censorship, and, as such, worthy to be recorded."

In the past of two or three decades ago, there have been some very curious stories told of American censorship of this kind. This instance, which appears to be recent, will come as somewhat of a surprise, for it is the general opinion of bookmen that the day of such things has passed.

NOTE AND COMENT

BLACKWOOD of London will shortly publish a new "Nimrod" book, "My Life and Times," edited, with additions, by E. D. Cuming, and illustrated in color and black-and-white.

The Fanfrolico Press of London has just issued its second publication, "Earth Visitors," poems by Kenneth Slessor, with decorations by Norman Lindsay, limited to 425 copies, and printed in a charming format by the Chiswick Press.

Three inquiries have just been received in regard to the value of Montaigne's "Essays," 3 vols., folio, printed in the series of Special Limited Riverside Press editions designed by Bruce Rogers. This masterpiece of the typography of the Riverside Press has been bringing about $150 at recent auction sales in New York. The catalogue of a New York bookseller just issued has a copy priced at $230.

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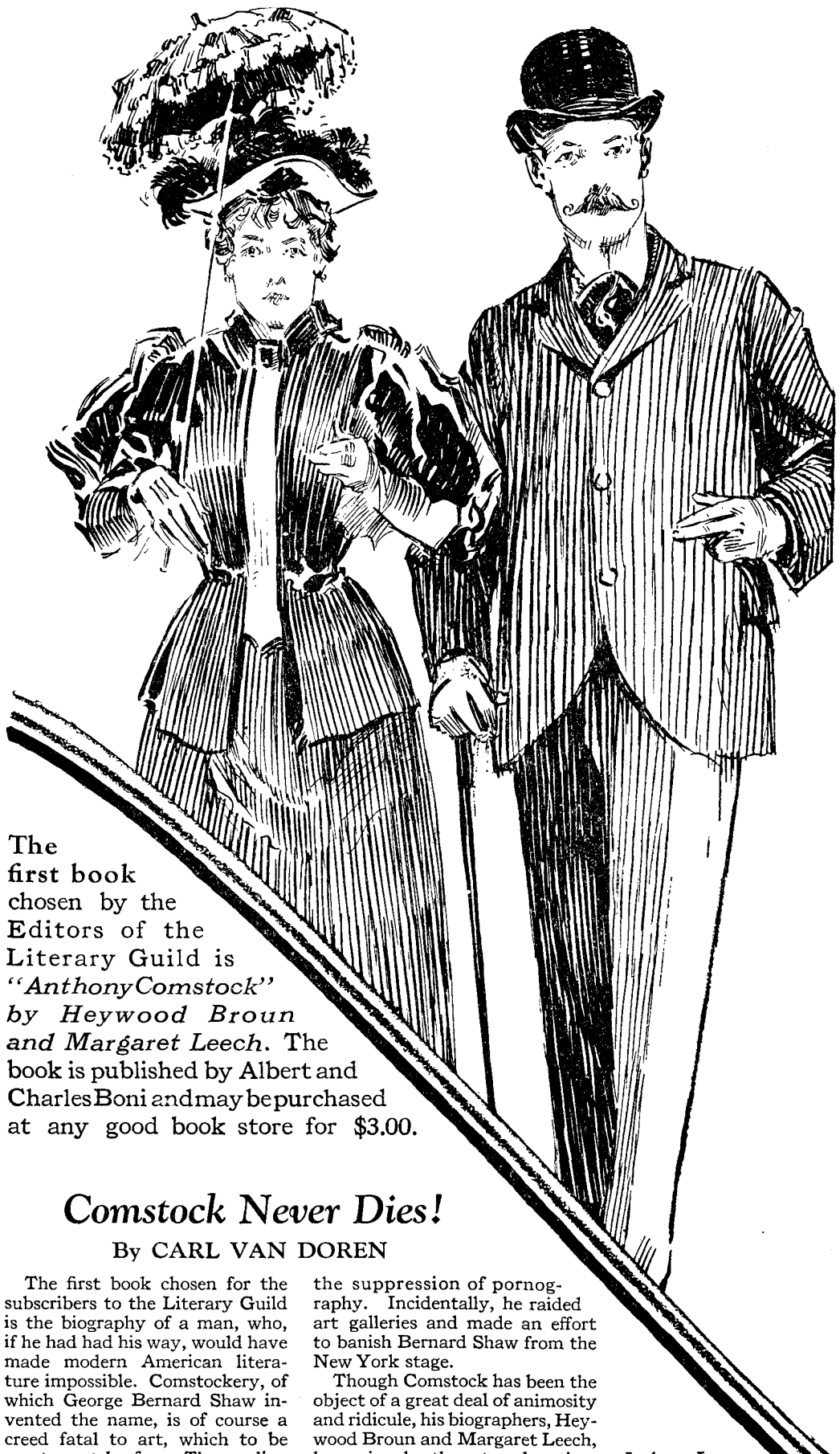

The **first book** chosen by the Editors of the Literary Guild is *"Anthony Comstock" by Heywood Broun and Margaret Leech.* The book is published by Albert and Charles Boni and may be purchased at any good book store for $3.00.

Comstock Never Dies!

By CARL VAN DOREN

The first book chosen for the subscribers to the Literary Guild is the biography of a man, who, if he had had his way, would have made modern American literature impossible. Comstockery, of which George Bernard Shaw invented the name, is of course a creed fatal to art, which to be great must be free. The reading public, which has reason to be thankful that Comstock did not win his fight, has also a reason for wondering what sort of man it was who fought so hard to prevent American literature from becoming a world literature.

He was a heavy, earnest man, not at all interested in works of the imagination, but greatly interested in keeping sex a secret. Officially, he busied himself with the suppression of pornography. Incidentally, he raided art galleries and made an effort to banish Bernard Shaw from the New York stage.

Though Comstock has been the object of a great deal of animosity and ridicule, his biographers, Heywood Broun and Margaret Leech, have aimed rather at explanation. They see him as a rustic who, for the first time seeing a woman in an evening gown, thinks her indecently dressed.

His career seems a stormy, rowdy comedy, full of fantastic incidents, the march of an army of grandfathers and maiden aunts against the Younger Generation. He must take his place in history along with amazing Americans like Barnum and Brigham Young, John L. Sullivan and Jesse James.

Comstockery goes on forever, always trying to organize a conspiracy of silence about certain of the major concerns of mankind. "Anthony Comstock" has been chosen for the subscribers to the Literary Guild because it shows, dramatically and good-humoredly, how Comstockery works.

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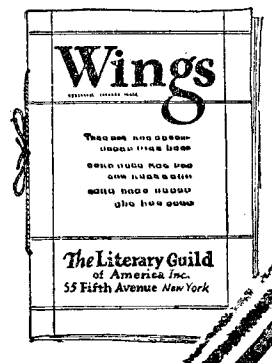

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